



LITERARY *cavalcade*

TEACHER EDITION • NOV. 1955 • VOL. 8, NO. 2

Lesson Plans

Topics for Discussion

Activities

Vocabulary

Reading Lists

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Teaching Suggestions for This Issue

The Cub (p. 3)

The boy grew like a young animal—until his limbs and muscles achieved a hard, tough maturity. But it was when he put his young man's strength to a strangely fierce and poignant test that he began to grow in a new way, toward a maturity of understanding and compassion.

We believe that your students will find this story as memorable as it is short and simple. Here are some suggestions for points they may like to discuss after they have read it:

For what reason had the boy always regarded his father as a hero during the years when he was growing up? Do you think that most children have idealized versions of their parents that are likely to be disproved to some extent in later years, when the children are old enough to know their parents as people? Do you think that the boy in this story, having learned that the physical strength he had always admired in his father had its limitations, would lose some of his admiration for him? What other qualities in his father might he learn to value as being of more real significance than the qualities which had made his father seem a hero to him as a child?

How do you think the boy's father felt after his last wrestling match with his son? Would he, like the boy, have felt like crying? Or do you think that his more adult reaction might have been more balanced? Explain your answer.

Why do you think the author chose to treat the characters in the story so impersonally, referring to the boy as "he" and the parents as "his father" and "his mother," without giving any

Highlights of This Issue

Fiction to Grow On

- *Short short story*: "The Cub" (p. 3). A true-to-life, poignant story about a teen-age boy and his father—with an ending that should leave your students both moved and thoughtful.
- *Short story*: "The Only Way to Win" (p. 14). Presenting a school "hero," who believed that hating your opponent was the only way to win, and who learned otherwise only after a lesson he would never forget.

Poetry Special: Ogden Nash

Poems by Mr. Nash (p. 25) and an appreciative essay on this light-verse laureate by Clifton Fadiman (p. 27)—all tending to prove that while some people think Nash is a little bit potto, take him more seriously they ought!

Book Excerpt: Adventure Happy (p. 6)

When Jule Mannix and her husband took their little dog and their trained bald eagle to the mountains of Mexico, adventure both frightening and funny lay in store for them. A true story, with a lot of information packed in between Mrs. Mannix's light-hearted lines.

TV Play: The Monkey's Paw (p. 30)

The classic horror short story by W. W. Jacobs, presented here as a TV script, provides material for oral reading and also for provocative discussion of some of the qualities that make a story live to become literature.

Art in Everyday Living: Bridges (p. 12)

Beginning *Cavalcade's* series of photo-essays designed to heighten students' awareness and appreciation of art and design in the world about us. Next month's subject will be churches of the ages.

Announcing—the 1956 Scholastic Writing Awards

See p. 23 for full details about how your students can qualify for the many honors and awards awaiting the best of the crop of this year's student writers.

of them names? Why do you think she compared the boy's development with that of a cub who becomes a young buck? (In answering both these questions, think in terms of the general comment about life that the author is making in this story.)

Adventure Happy (p. 6)

An ill-tempered bald eagle in a New York apartment—a trip to Mexico to hunt the giant iguana lizard—this is how Jule Mannix's marriage to her husband, and to adventure, began. Humor and exciting adventure go hand in hand in this excerpt from Mrs. Mannix's book *Adventure Happy*. (Students who enjoy the excerpt may be interested in going on to read the whole book.)

The natural science enthusiasts among your students might report to the class on falconry, the bald eagle, or the iguana lizard.

The Only Way to Win (p. 14)

In one sense, this is a story about football—but more importantly, it is the story of a boy who was jolted out of his own complacency by a tragedy which forced him to reach out for new values to live by.

Discussion questions: What specific details in the story help to emphasize Hal's self-centeredness and lack of consideration for others? Would you say that he was happy being as he was before Dave Cronk's accident made him see how wrong he had been? Or are there indications, before this point, that Hal had some sense that his life was not what he would want it to be? Explain your answer with specific reference to the story. At the end of the story, after Hal has been beaten by Jack and Dick, the author tells us that Hal suddenly "understood with an acute pang—and remorse." What was it that he understood? What other characters in the story also learned something about themselves and others as a result of Dave Cronk's accident? In what terms did Hal think of the title phrase, "The Only Way to Win," at the beginning of the story? How do you think he thought of it at the end?

Cavalcade Firsts (p. 20) 1956 Scholastic Writing Awards (p. 23)

What are the ingredients of a good piece of student writing? Sometimes, as in the case of David Case's "I Wait on a Hill," sheer imagination may be the key. More frequently, and often more successfully, the student writer

may follow the example of Deborah Wickes ("Fresh Air") and Jean Weir ("Evening"). These latter selections take their subjects from the kind of everyday experience that is within the range of any young person: a boy's visit to his girl-friend's sick room; recollections of a child's world. In each of these stories, the writer "brings home" the experience she describes by the use of telling details that combine to crystallize pictures and moods for the reader. Ask your students to analyze both selections with regard to these details, pointing out those which most immediately suggest the atmosphere the writer is trying to create.

The chief purpose of "Cavalcade Firsts," of course, is to encourage other students to "go and do likewise." The *Scholastic Magazines Writing Awards* are our annual challenge to such achievement. Full rules and information about the Awards appear on page 23, and signal that now is the time for your students to begin planning their entries. Suggestion: have your students appoint a Writing Awards committee from the class. In addition to publicizing the Awards in the school, this committee can be responsible for reading and discussing Awards entries as they are completed. They may also lead the class in arriving at decisions as to which entries are good enough to be submitted.

An Introduction to Ogden Nash Poems (p. 25); Essay on Nash by Clifton Fadiman (p. 27)

As Clifton Fadiman suggests in his essay, there seem to be a lot of people who don't quite know what to think about Ogden Nash. His unexpected and sometimes zany rhymes, his irrepressible punning, and his blithe manipulation of syntax put him in a class by himself. And psychologically, many of us are not prepared to take seriously a poet who is so readable and entertaining.

What makes Nash a problem to the literary critics, however, makes him a poet who can work hand in hand with the English teacher who is eager to guide her students to an intelligent enjoyment of poetry. His verse is fun—that gets over the first hurdle with students whose exposure to stately and dated "classics" may have led them to regard any poetic line with a jaundiced eye. Moreover (and Clifton Fadiman will help them to see this), the intent of Nash's poems is often serious enough to provoke more than passing reflection.

Suggested procedure:

1. Have students read the Fadiman essay, and discuss it with them. First, ask them to explain as closely as they can what Fadiman is saying about Nash (i.e., Nash comments in a contemporary, humorous idiom upon many of the serious themes which have always demanded the attention of great poets. He also comments upon many smaller, everyday subjects not usually of interest to our more serious—and greater—poets.)

Next, ask students to express in their own words what Fadiman sees as the basic similarity between Wordsworth's sonnet and Nash's llama poem. (You may help them with this by summarizing the meaning of the lines quoted from Wordsworth: In modern life we are too much occupied with material things. I would give up all the advantages of civilization if that could mean that I might recover the close relationship with nature that the old pagans expressed in their mythology.) Fadiman expresses this similarity as "the same wistful comment on modern competitive life." Have students explain how this comment is stated in Nash's poem.

To further underline the serious intent of Nash's light verse, ask students to point out the verse quoted by Fadiman that is more ponderously summarized in the following statement: Today our very existence is threatened because our technological achievements have so far outpaced our understanding of how to use and control these achievements. (Answer: "The Auk.")

2. Discuss the *Cavalcade* selection of Nash poems with regard to the points made by Clifton Fadiman. For example, suggest the following ideas about "Look What You Did, Christopher!":

On one level, this is a "take-off" on the poem you probably learned in grade school: "In fourteen hundred and ninety-two, Columbus sailed the ocean blue. . . ." Humorously, Nash goes on to say, "And then look what happened!" But as the poem develops, we realize that Nash is expressing a serious criticism of modern life. (Ask students what this criticism is. Some of the references, like "platinum blondes" and "tattle-tale gray" are no longer current, and may need explanation.) But Nash is not altogether depressed by the current scene in America, no matter how much it may irritate him at times. The poem ends on a note of faith and optimism. (Ask students what he says at the end of the poem that justified this conclusion.)



L I T E R A R Y

Cavalcade

A MONTHLY FOR ENGLISH CLASSES PUBLISHED BY SCHOLASTIC MAGAZINES



SCHOLASTIC
MAGAZINES



35th Anniversary

Steel lace against the sky (see cover story, also page 12)

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OUR FRONT COVER



The men high in the sky on our front cover
are painting the suspension cables of Brook-
lyn Bridge over the East River in New York.
The tug boat above is ready to steam with you
into our feature on bridges on page 12. But
first, did you notice the symbol on the corner
of our cover? It spells "Happy 35th Birthday"
to the parent organization of Literary Cavalcade
—SCHOLASTIC MAGAZINES! Photo, courtesy
Standard Oil



LITERARY Cavalcade

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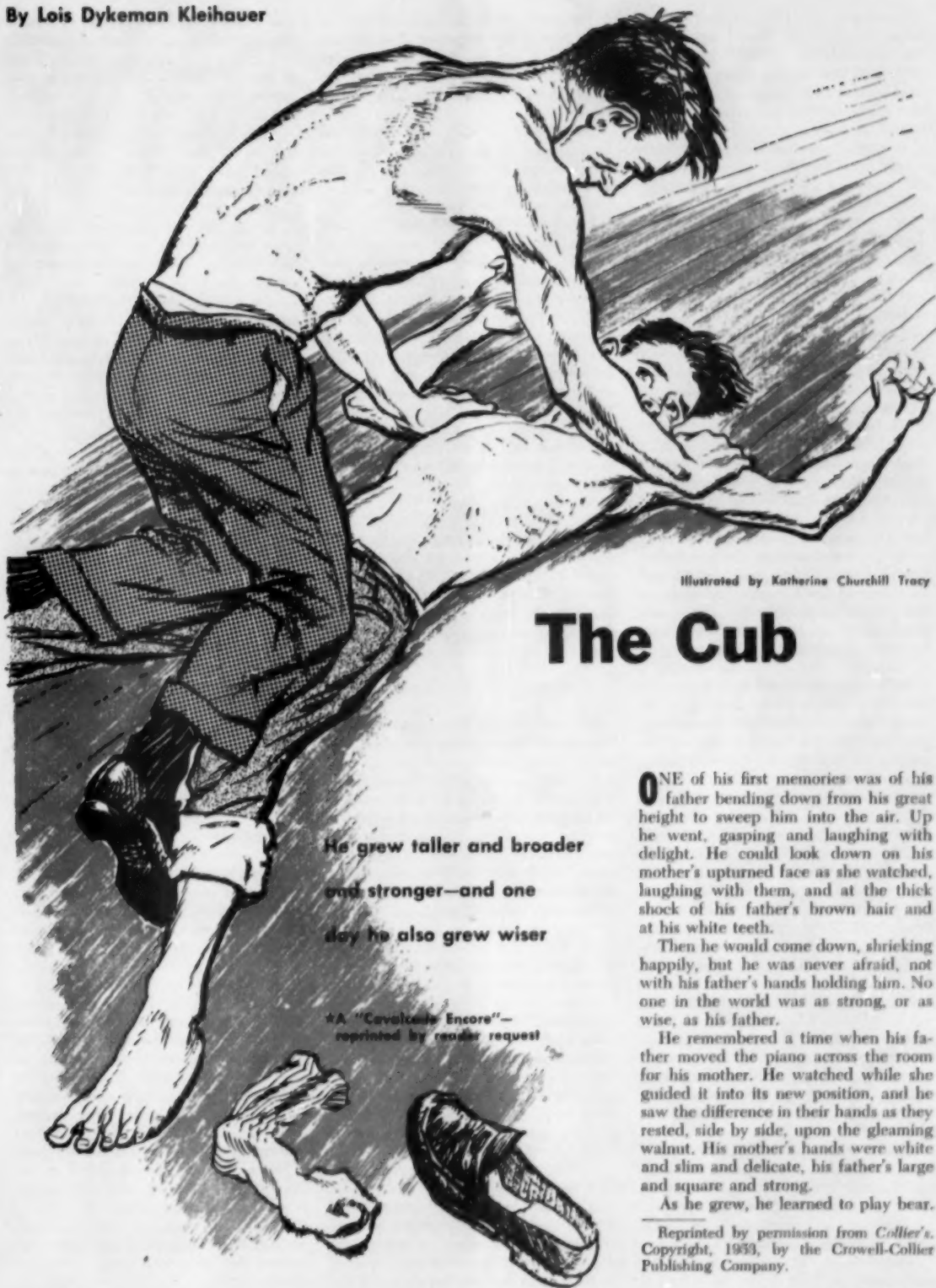
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Chucklebait Back Cover

By Lois Dykeman Kleihauer



Illustrated by Katherine Churchill Tracy

The Cub

He grew taller and broader
and stronger—and one
day he also grew wiser

★A "Cavalcade Encore"—
reprinted by reader request

ONE of his first memories was of his father bending down from his great height to sweep him into the air. Up he went, gasping and laughing with delight. He could look down on his mother's upturned face as she watched, laughing with them, and at the thick shock of his father's brown hair and at his white teeth.

Then he would come down, shrieking happily, but he was never afraid, not with his father's hands holding him. No one in the world was as strong, or as wise, as his father.

He remembered a time when his father moved the piano across the room for his mother. He watched while she guided it into its new position, and he saw the difference in their hands as they rested, side by side, upon the gleaming walnut. His mother's hands were white and slim and delicate, his father's large and square and strong.

As he grew, he learned to play bear.

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LITERARY CAVALCADE

When it was time for his father to come home at night, he would lurk behind the kitchen door. When he heard the closing of the garage doors, he would hold his breath and squeeze himself into the crack behind the door. Then he would be quiet.

It was always the same. His father would open the door and stand there, five backs of his long legs beguilingly close. "Where's the boy?"

He would glance at the conspiratorial smile on his mother's face, and then he would leap and grab his father about the knees, and his father would look down and shout, "Hey, what's this? A bear—a young cub!"

Then, no matter how tightly he tried to cling, he was lifted up and perched upon his father's shoulder, and they would march past his mother, and together they would duck their heads beneath the doors.

And then he went to school. And on the playground he learned how to wrestle and shout, how to hold back tears, how to get a half-nelson on the boy who tried to take his football away from him. He came home at night and practiced his new wisdom on his father. Straining and puffing, he tried to pull his father off the lounge chair while his father kept on reading the paper, only glancing up now and then to ask in mild wonderment, "What are you trying to do, boy?"

He would stand and look at his father. "Gee whiz, Dad!" And then he would realize that his father was teasing him, and he would crawl up on his father's lap and pummel him in affectionate frustration.

AND still he grew—taller, slimmer, stronger. He was like a young buck, with tiny new horns. He wanted to lock them with any other young buck's, to test them in combat. He measured his biceps with his mother's tape measure. Exultantly, he thrust his arm in front of his father. "Feel that! How's that for muscle?"

His father put his great thumb into the flexed muscle and pressed, and the boy pulled back, protesting, laughing. "Ouch!"

Sometimes they wrestled on the floor together, and his mother moved the chairs back. "Be careful, Charles—don't hurt him."

After a while his father would push him aside and sit in his chair, his long legs thrust out before him, and the boy would scramble to his feet, half resentful, half mirthful over the ease with which his father mastered him.

"Doggone it, Dad, someday—" he would say.

He went out for football and track in high school. He surprised even himself now, there was so much more of him. And he could look down on his mother. "Little one," he called her, or "Small fry."

Sometimes he took her wrists and backed her into a chair, while he laughed and she scolded. "I'll—I'll take you across my knee."

"Who will?" he demanded.

"Well—your father still can," she said.

His father—well, that was different.

They still wrestled occasionally, but it distressed his mother. She hovered about them, worrying, unable to comprehend the need for their struggling. It always ended the same way, with the boy upon his back, prostrate, and his father grinning down at him. "Give?"

"Give." And he got up, shaking his head.

"I wish you wouldn't," his mother would say, fretting. "There's no point in it. You'll hurt yourselves; don't do it any more."

SO for nearly a year they had not wrestled, but he thought about it one night at dinner. He looked at his father closely. It was queer, but his father didn't look nearly as tall or broad-shouldered as he used to. He could even look his father straight in the eyes now.

"How much do you weigh, Dad?" he asked.

His father threw him a mild glance. "About the same; about a hundred and ninety. Why?"

The boy grinned. "Just wondering."

But after a while he went over to his father where he sat reading the paper and took it out of his hands. His father glanced up, his eyes at first questioning and then narrowing to meet the challenge in his son's. "So," he said softly.

"Come on, Dad."

His father took off his coat and began to unbutton his shirt. "You asked for it," he said.

His mother came in from the kitchen, alarmed. "Oh, Charles! Bill! Don't—you'll hurt yourselves!" But they paid no attention to her. They were standing now, their shirts off. They watched each other, intent and purposeful. The boy's teeth gleamed again. They circled for a moment, and then their hands closed upon each other's arms.

They strained against each other, and then the boy went down, taking his father with him. They moved and writhed and turned, in silence seeking an advantage, in silence pressing it to its conclusion. There was the sound of the thumps of their bodies upon the rug

and of the quick, hard intake of breath. The boy showed his teeth occasionally in a grimace of pain. His mother stood at one side, both hands pressed against her ears. Occasionally her lips moved, but she did not make a sound.

After a while the boy pinned his father on his back. "Give!" he demanded.

His father said "Heck, no!" And with a great effort he pushed the boy off, and the struggle began again.

But at the end his father lay prostrate, and a look of bewilderment came into his eyes. He struggled desperately against his son's merciless, restraining hands. Finally he lay quiet, only his chest heaving, his breath coming loudly.

The boy said, "Give!"

The man frowned, shaking his head.

Still the boy knelt on him, pinning him down.

"Give!" he said, and tightened his grip. "Give!"

All at once his father began to laugh, silently, his shoulders shaking. The boy felt his mother's fingers tugging fiercely at his shoulder. "Let him up," she said. "Let him up!"

The boy looked down at his father. "Give up?"

His father stopped laughing, but his eyes were still wet. "Okay," he said. "I give."

The boy stood up and reached a hand to his father to help him up, but his mother was before him, putting an arm about his father's shoulders, helping him to rise. They stood together and looked at him, his father grinning gamely, his mother with baffled pain in her eyes.

The boy started to laugh. "I guess I—" He stopped. "Gosh, Dad, I didn't hurt you, did I?"

"Heck, no, I'm all right. Next time . . ."

"Yeah, maybe next time . . ."

And his mother did not contradict what they said, for she knew as well as they that there would never be a next time.

FOR a moment the three of them stood looking at one another, and then, suddenly, blindly, the boy turned. He ran through the door under which he had ducked so many times when he had ridden on his father's shoulders. He went out the kitchen door, behind which he had hidden, waiting to leap out and pounce upon his father's legs.

It was dark outside. He stood on the steps, feeling the air cool against his sweaty body. He stood with lifted head, looking at the stars, and then he could not see them because of the tears that burned his eyes and ran down his cheeks.



Illustrations by Aurelius Battaglia from
The Fireside Book of Favorite American Songs,
Simon and Schuster publ.

By PHILIP WYLIE

If I Could Speak for America . . .

You are given a microphone. Whatever you say will be translated into every language and broadcast to every nation. You are to speak for your country.

What will you say?

Here's one man's—a noted author's—answer:

MEN and women and children of the planet Earth. In this month of November, every year, we Americans celebrate a day called Thanksgiving. I would like to tell you why we celebrate it, and I would like as many of you as are able and wish to do so, to join us in the festival.

Three hundred years ago, a small group of European colonists on these shores prepared a feast of gratitude. They were thankful for just two things.

First, that they had survived a year on the fringes of this continent, which then was a seemingly infinite wilderness. They had gathered their first harvest, and they had some prospect of a future.

Second, they were thankful to have escaped an Old World, in which they had been oppressed because of their beliefs. To the American shore they had brought freedom. They were grateful for the opportunity to believe and think and speak according to their consciences.

Our Thanksgiving Day had that humble start: the first people to celebrate it were but grateful that they lived, and lived in liberty.

Three hundred years have passed, and we are still grateful that we live—live well, most of us—and that we are free.

We have grown powerful; but we are not so arrogant as our foes pretend.

• • •

Look at the world map. Where are

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the colonies we could have owned? Where are our satellite nations? Where are our slave peoples? Where are the tribute-payers, with factory and farm quotas earmarked for forced delivery to America? Who weeps, who dies, from our oppression? Who—on the other hand—eats and lives, enjoys freedom, because of us? Tens of millions, people of the world. Tens of millions!

The great God of Everyman knows we Americans are not perfect. We have



not always been fair, kind, wise, noble. Our follies and errors—the mere fact that we are human and hence imperfect—give the enemies of freedom a chance to heckle us. But if you look at the plain truth of history, you will see that, in three hundred years, America has given more in blood, treasure, protection, power, friendship, strength, and help to you—to you who are foreigners to us—than all the other nations in man's long history.

Is that frightening?

No. It is not frightening. It is the essence of hope. It is what you would expect when men who dreamed of liberty reached these shores and made the dream come true. It is, simply, what human nature achieves when human beings respect one another and work together in amity, in tolerance, without anxiety, and under that ideal which gives a hearing to every voice, so the best voices may be followed.

What we have done—for ourselves and for the world—is what people do when people are free.

We Americans could—in 1955—sit down to our Thanksgiving dinner with a sense of national pomp and glory, of

self-congratulation and arrogance. But we will not. This annual feast, like all the earlier ones, will be essentially humble—and for the same reasons.

What is there to make Americans humble?

Simply this: we know ourselves to be, still and forever, custodians of freedom—and we know the cost of that custody can come high, any day. . . . [This] truth, however vast our power, keeps us humble.

To be sure, we have many voices. Free man can afford to let the foolish speak up with the wise. Free men cannot afford to muffle anybody. But our final word, our combined voice, is not just sounds, but sound deeds.

We Americans wish, wistfully at times, that the world thought of us in terms of what we have done and of the evil we have rejected—in New World terms—rather than in the old terms by which power automatically spelled fear. . . .

Free men progress; all others eventually go backward. That is our creed; that is the destiny we pursue for ourselves and in behalf of all. And that is what we shall celebrate on Thanksgiving Day.

We would deeply appreciate having you join us—but we shall never demand that you do.





ADVENTURE

HAPPY

Photographs from *Adventure Happy*

**When you go looking for adventure—well,
things like this are bound to happen**

EVER dream of a life of adventure? Ever envy Columbus all his unexplored continents? Most of us have. And then along comes someone who finds adventure in our modern world—and earns a living finding it! Dan Mannix writes and lectures about such subjects as—well, bald eagles, Mexican lizards, and vampire bats. His wife, Jule, writes about Dan. In the following chapters from her humorous book, *Adventure Happy*, she reports on one of their exploits.

● [I was alone] in our little New York apartment when the telephone rang frantically and a man's voice said, "This is the hotel across the street. Just keep calm, but a large eagle has come in through your window."

"I know it," I told him. "She's gone

Reprinted from *Adventure Happy*, by Jule Mannix, by permission of Simon and Schuster, publishers. Copyright, 1954, by Jule Mannix.

By JULE MANNIX

into our bathroom to take a bath."

There was a pause on the line. Then the man said, "You mean you know about this eagle?"

"Yes. She's a pet."

"Well, I didn't know that, so I phoned the police, the game commission and the S.P.C.A."

I hung up the phone feeling very much annoyed. It was a fine state of affairs when you couldn't let your own eagle sit on the balcony outside your window without having some silly man call the police. Our eagle was part of the family and an important investment. Dan and I had spent weeks training the bird as a hunting falcon, and we were going to take her to the mountains of southern Mexico and use her to capture iguanas . . . the giant, six-foot lizards that live in the hills. We'd planned to write articles and prepare a lecture on the hunts. I didn't think

there was any law against keeping an eagle in your apartment, but authorities are strange people, and it would be just like them to confiscate our wonderful bird.

Dan was out getting some meat for the eagle . . . she ate a pound and a half of the best rib roast every day . . . and when he got back he told me not to worry. I was afraid he might be cross with me for letting the bird sit on the balcony, but Dan said it wasn't my fault at all. Our eagle had to sit on the balcony to sun herself. Before we could do much, the various authorities began to arrive.

The police came first. The patrolman looked our eagle over, said that there were laws about keeping dogs and cats in certain areas but as far as he knew the laws didn't say a thing about pet eagles. That hazard over, the game warden arrived. At that time, eagles weren't protected by law, so he said that the case didn't come under his jurisdiction. He asked us what we intended to do with the bird and, after we'd told him, he just shook his head sadly and left.

The only real trouble we had was with the man from the S.P.C.A. He said

that he had to inspect the eagle to make sure that she was not being badly treated. The eagle was sitting on the back of a chair and when the man walked over to her, she screamed and began striking at him with her wings. Our eagle had a six-foot wingspread and the power of a windmill. Pictures fell off their hooks, books keeled over in the bookcases, and Dan and I jumped to get out of the way. When we looked around for the S.P.C.A. man, he was flattened against the wall, shaking with terror.

"As far as I can see, that eagle is in fine condition," he said hoarsely. "Now for heaven's sake, hold her until I can get out of here."

It All Started When—

I am probably the only bride in history who was ever required to train an eagle during her first year of married life. . . .

[It had all started when, a few months after our marriage,] Dan said suddenly, "Jule, how would you like to go to Mexico?"

This suggestion, out of a perfectly clear sky, was a little startling.

"Why Mexico?" I asked.

Dan began to talk with enthusiasm.

"There're giant lizards called iguanas that live in the mountains of southern Mexico. They can run like deer and bite like bulldogs so they're very hard to catch. Now my idea is to get an eagle, train her for falconry, and go down to Mexico with her. We'll catch iguanas, bring them back to the zoos, and write articles about it. Also, we'll take motion pictures. I think we can make up a lecture on it."

I tried to steady my reeling mind. I kept saying to myself, "Well [when] I married Dan I knew things like this were going to happen." But now that it had actually come up, I realized I'd really expected we'd live in New York and I'd go on with my radio and model work.

"Dan, have you ever trained an eagle?" I asked.

"No."

"Do you know anybody who's ever trained an eagle?"

"No."

"Has there ever been anyone in history who's ever trained an eagle?"

"Yes," said Dan triumphantly. "The Laplanders hunt wolves with eagles from the backs of reindeer."

I hastily changed the subject. The first thing I knew, I'd be riding a reindeer over the Mexican mountains in addition to training an eagle.

"Do you know where to get an eagle?"

"Yes, I do," Dan sounded very proud.

"That's what gave me the idea for the trip. About a month before we were married, I met a game warden from Salem, New Jersey, who has an eagle. The bird came down in a sheet storm with her wings covered with sleet. The game warden caught her and put her in his chicken house. She's been there ever since, and not feeling too happy about it. The warden tried to let her go a couple of times but she'd lost all fear of humans and just hung around the town, robbing chicken houses. He's been planning to give her to a zoo, but I don't think an eagle wants to spend the rest of her life in a cage. I think if she lived with us, she'd at least have some excitement."

"No doubt of that," I said feelingly.

I tried to consider the situation sensibly. It was just possible we could make a success out of the venture, but I thought it very unlikely. Also, it was autumn and that is the height of the casting season [for roles in stage and TV plays] in New York. I just couldn't leave New York in autumn, for a crazy idea like this.

I looked up and saw Dan's face. He looked eager and alive. Bang went the career of one of America's greatest potential actresses. "Dear, my girlhood ambition has always been to hunt lizards in Mexico with a trained eagle," I assured him. "When do we start?"

We invested a major part of our capital in a station wagon for the trip. At that time, you could get a station wag-

on for eight hundred dollars but our bank roll looked very depleted after the purchase. In our new car, we drove down to Salem to interview the eagle. I took Wriggles (the little Cairn terrier Dan had given me) along.

The game warden's name was Mr. Thompson. He didn't seem very eager to part with the eagle, which surprised me, as I'd have thought anybody but Dan would have been only too glad to get rid of an eagle.

"The bird's so darned mean, I've sort of developed a liking for her," he admitted. He and Dan laughed very hard at that and I laughed too, although not so hard.

Mr. Thompson took us to the spare chicken house in his back yard to see the eagle. He had covered the front of the house with heavy gauge wire and the eagle was sitting behind the barrier looking unpleasant. I had no idea eagles were so big. This one looked to me the size of an ostrich. She had talons as long as my fingers and a huge, yellow, hooked beak that she was obviously prepared to use on the slightest provocation. I looked at the eagle and she looked at me. Obviously, neither of us made a favorable impression on the other.

The bird was a bald eagle, our national bird. It seems there are two kinds of eagles in the United States, the bald eagle and the golden eagle. The golden eagle is a noble, gentle bird and the few times in history that eagles ever have been trained, the trainers always select-



Dan trains our eagle to hunt iguanas, while our Mexican helper, Chon, watches.

ed golden eagles. The bald eagle has a poisonously mean disposition and likes to bite. Golden eagles, it appears, are too well bred to bite.

The eagle didn't look bald to me, and I made the mistake of saying so. Both Dan and Mr. Thompson were shocked by my ignorance and explained that "bald" is an old term for "white," and bald eagles have white heads and tails. This one didn't have either a white head or tail, but Dan said her head and tail feathers would grow increasingly whiter with each molt and by the time she was seven years old, they'd be pure white. I didn't know eagles lived that long and was sorry to hear it. (Actually, eagles live to be fifty years old.) From her plumage, Dan thought this bird was about two.

"I wonder if she's got any hunting instinct," said Dan thoughtfully. "Lots of times an eagle that's been caged up loses all her spirit. It would be rough if we took this bird clear down to Mexico and then found that she wouldn't hunt."

None of us could think of any way to test the bird's hunting instinct except by turning her loose and seeing if she'd hunt something. While we were watching her doubtfully, poor little Wiggles solved the problem. Wiggles had been hiding under my skirts as usual but getting more and more curious about the eagle. Suddenly with tail wagging and a heart full of friendship, Wiggles trotted over to the chicken house and stuck her trusting nose through the wire. Instantly the eagle hit the wire with a crash that shook the whole rickety structure. Wiggles fled screaming, leaving the eagle to beat her wings furiously against the wire.

"What do you know about that!" said Dan, obviously delighted. "Lots of spirit. Jule, we're in luck."

Dan and Mr. Thompson had a little trouble getting the eagle into a sack. It took them about an hour and a half. Wiggles helped by leaping around and barking, thus distracting the eagle's attention when she tried to grab either Dan or Mr. Thompson. I couldn't believe that furious, screaming bird would ever be tame enough to handle, but I had great confidence in Dan's ability with animals. I only hoped that Wiggles and I could live through the taming period.

When we got back to our apartment house, we smuggled the bird in her sack up the stairs so no one would see us. I had the pretty illusion that the eagle would be kept in a cage, although where we'd put the cage I had no idea. Dan sprung the news on me that hawks intended for falconry are never kept in cages. They are either carried around on your gloved fist or sit on



About the Author

Author Jule Mannix met her future husband, Dan, at a carnival where he was trying his luck at sword-swallowing. She soon discovered, however, that Dan's pursuit of the unusual was more than a prank. He was a writer-naturalist-adventurist with an incredible fund of information about just such out-of-the-way subjects. Shortly after their marriage she also learned that Dan was not content to idle away his days in normal jobs in normal cities. And so began the adventure described here.

Jule Mannix grew up in Philadelphia where she worked her way through drama school and planned a theatrical career. Dan was the only son of an admiral whom he and his mother followed from port to port. He is author of a book on circus life, *Step Right Up*.

perches. Shutting them up in cages destroys their initiative.

In my opinion, the one thing we wanted to do with this bird was to destroy her initiative, but then I didn't know anything about falconry. Dan had been practicing falconry for years and claimed this eagle was just a big hawk. As the falcons used in falconry aren't much bigger than a large pigeon and this bird had a six-foot wingspread, it seemed to me that was like saying there wasn't much difference between a house cat and a Bengal tiger, but Dan said the basic training principles were the same.

Before letting our eagle out of the sack, Dan cut a hole in the burlap so he could get hold of the bird's legs. He tied leather straps about eight inches long around each leg so he'd have something to hold on to when he let the bird out. There're very few places you can get hold of an infuriated eagle, so these straps turned out to be very useful. Falconers called them "jesses" and all trained hawks wear them.

When the "jesses" were in place, Dan put on the heavy falconer's glove that hawk trainers wear on their left hands and got a firm grip on the jesses. Then I slit open the sack with a razor blade. Instantly the room seemed full of screaming, thrashing eagle.

Dan yelled, "Don't let her break her feathers!"

Apparently it's a terrible tragedy for a hunting hawk to have a broken feather. I rushed around the room, shoving chairs and tables out of the way of the eagle's wildly beating wings. I smashed two vases and a lovely porcelain figurine that an aunt had given me for a wedding present, but I'm proud to say I kept the eagle from damaging her feathers. After all, you can always buy vases and figurines, but it takes a feather a year to grow back.

Finally Dan managed to swing the bird up on his gloved fist. The eagle sat there panting for a minute, eyeing us maliciously. Then she suddenly struck Dan's face. Her hooked beak missed his eye but got him in the cheek. The tip of her beak hung in his flesh for a moment and then tore loose. There was a trickle of blood on Dan's cheek but when I rushed to the rescue he waved me back, shouting, "Keep away! You'll excite her!"

It was simply uncanny to me how quickly Dan and that bird seemed to develop an understanding. I don't mean they quickly became friends. The eagle would scream and hiss at Dan and he would curse the eagle, but after it was all over there were obviously no hard feelings on either side. But when I so much as walked past the eagle, she would put up her neck feathers like the ruff of a cock, bend over, and look at me with cold, calculated hatred that she never showed towards my husband.

If the great bird had been a horse or a dog, I would have felt differently towards her. Even a mean horse or a vicious dog can be controlled by kindness. This bird was completely aloof. She hated to be touched or petted. She tolerated caresses from Dan, but they obviously gave her no pleasure. She could not be punished in any way.

Once while I was walking by the perch where Dan kept her tied by her jesses during the day, the bird suddenly struck out at me. I couldn't resist the temptation to give her a good slap. After all, she was nearly as big as I was and I'd never done a thing to her. The eagle instantly went into a hysterical fit of rage that was really alarming. She beat at me with her wings, fell off her perch, and thrashed around the floor screaming with fury. I tried to calm her, but it was like dealing with a child in a tantrum. Dan

was as angry with me as he ever allowed himself to get.

"You've got to remember that once this bird is flying free, there's absolutely no reason for her to come back to us if she doesn't want to," he told me. "She'll remember every mean thing you ever did to her and hold it against you."

I went out and took a good, long walk. As far as I was concerned, I never wanted to see either Dan or that eagle again. Let him have his old eagle, if he preferred her to his wife. After a couple of hours, I realized how foolish I was being so I came back.

Manning the eagle became much easier when Dan got a hood for the bird. A hood is a little leather cap that fits down over a hawk's head and completely blinds him. For some strange reason, when a hawk is hooded he becomes comparatively quiet and will sit on a perch almost like a stuffed bird. Making hoods for birds of prey is a highly technical and complicated science but my remarkable husband naturally knew of a man who has devoted years to this strange hobby.

Of course, the eagle still wasn't trained for hunting. She would have to learn to circle over Dan's head while he put up game for her, come to his whistle even though she were miles away, and not try to carry off any animal she caught. But this latter part of the training would have to be done in Mexico.

We planned to head for a little village in southern Mexico called Taxco. A friend of Dan's had been animal collecting near there and said there were plenty of iguanas in the hills.

[During the drive into Mexico] every place we stopped a crowd of little boys would come running out shouting, "Un águila! Un águila!" [Spanish for "an eagle."] Finally we picked up the word ourselves and named our eagle, "Aguila." Aguila she has remained ever since. . . .

Will Aguila Fly Free?

As soon as Aguila became acclimated to the high altitude of Taxco, Dan began the last part of her training. Since Aguila had never flown to Dan farther than the length of our New York apartment, he wanted to make sure that the bird would come to him from at least a hundred yards away before letting her fly free.

During this part of the training, Aguila had a long, light rope tied to her jesses. Dan tied the other end of the rope around my waist so I'd act as a kind of drag in case the eagle made a break for New Jersey.

The first time we tried this system, Aguila paid no attention to Dan's

whistles and calls. Instead, she made a determined attempt to catch me. As we were tied together, neither of us could get away from the other. Dodging around on a mountainside trying to avoid the attacks of a raging eagle is a horrible experience.

Luckily for me, Aguila was so big she had difficulty maneuvering. After my first fright was over, I found that I could duck under her wings as she came in for the attack. This infuriated Aguila. She considered it a dirty trick. After a couple of failures, she'd land on the ground and dash around with rage, screaming and beating the earth with her wings.

I must admit I was nearly as eager as Dan to get rid of that line and have Aguila flying free. Still, I had an awful feeling that once our bird found she was loose, she'd take off and that would be the last we'd ever see of her. Birds of prey never become tame in the sense that a dog is tame. They return to the falconer only for food. At first, I'd thought this made everything quite simple; all we had to do was be sure that Aguila was good and hungry and she'd come back to us. I soon discovered that getting Aguila good and hungry was a very complicated process. We couldn't just starve her. Birds of prey lose weight so rapidly on a starvation diet that often within forty-eight hours they become so weak that they refuse all food and literally starve themselves to death. Luckily, Dan knew several tricks, designed to make a hunting bird hungry while still keeping her well fed.

The first time we took Aguila off her line and allowed her to fly free was still an awful moment.

On the first two trials, our bird flew casually to Dan's fist over short distances and apparently didn't know that she was loose. Then the realization dawned on her. She leaped into the air with a single, great downstroke of

her wings and went soaring away over the mountains.

She flatly refused to pay any attention to Dan's whistle or the steak he was hopefully holding out on his gloved hand. Fortunately, Aguila soon grew tired and had to land on a rock to rest. We managed to retrieve her. But the next day and the next she did the same thing. She was constantly growing stronger and we feared that eventually we'd lose her.

I, not Dan, discovered a sure way to bring the bird back. Aguila still carried a grudge against me and no matter how far away she was, if I stood on a hilltop and shouted at her, the bird would come charging back at me. Then I'd run and hide behind Dan until he caught hold of the furious bird.

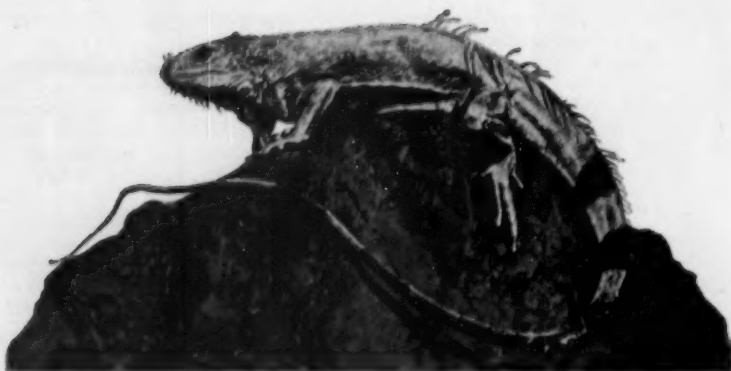
After a few days of this, Aguila began to steady down. She learned to come to Dan's fist for food and, as she got more and more exercise, she became increasingly eager for the bits of meat we always gave her as a reward. She even learned to tolerate me, and would take meat from my hand without trying to grab a finger as a bonus. Finally, Aguila actually consented to fly to me and land on my gloved fist instead of making a bee-line for my face.

But our troubles were still far from over. Aguila had gotten so out of practice that she was very clumsy flying in the air. I'd always thought that birds flew naturally. They don't. Flying is a complicated business and Aguila was as uncertain of herself as a man who has been bedridden a long time trying to walk again. The first time I called Aguila to my fist when the bird was a long distance away, the eagle came swooping down in magnificent style. Just before she reached me, the bird suddenly realized that she was going too fast and didn't know how to stop. She made a desperate snatch at my hand as she whizzed past. Her long hind talon caught my glove. I felt as though a jet plane had tried to shake hands with me while zooming by. The next instant I was flat on my back with Aguila thrashing around beside me. Aguila clearly considered the whole business my fault. She jumped up and down, waving her wings and screaming at me. Finally Dan, who was howling with laughter, had to take the bird on his glove and soothe her ruffled feelings.

After several attempts, Aguila learned the trick of landing on our gloved hands without upsetting us. If the bird found that she was coming in too fast, she would swing away, circle, and then come in more slowly. But finally she learned how to come



Dan and a small Mexican animal, a coati.



An iguana is a giant lizard that lives in the mountains of southern Mexico.

in at full speed and still make a gentle landing. As the bird came swooping in towards Dan, she would drop a little below the level of his outstretched hand and then suddenly swing up. This trick cut down on her speed. She also found out how to reverse her wingbeat so in a pinch she could hang almost motionless in the air.

Aguila gave us some rather bad moments before she learned this technique. We practiced calling to the bird from different kinds of places on the mountains to teach Aguila to come to us under all conditions. Once Dan called Aguila to him while he was hanging onto the side of a cliff with one hand. Aguila came in much faster than Dan had expected and he didn't have time to put on his glove. He couldn't take the bird on his bare hand without terrible punishment but he needed one hand to hold onto the rocks and it's hard to pull on a glove with only one hand. Dan struggled desperately while Aguila came rushing at him, her innermost wing almost touching the face of the cliff.

When the eagle saw that there was no place to land, she began to scream in indignation while Dan, equally alarmed, screamed back at her. Suddenly the bird realized that she was going to crash into the side of the cliff. Then she really did yell while Dan, who knew that the bird was planning to land on his head or shoulders, shouted even louder. At the last moment, Dan managed to force his hand into the gauntlet of the glove and held it up. Aguila made a shaky landing and they stared furiously at each other while I doubled with laughter from the top of the cliff. Such things are always much funnier when they're happening to someone else.

Where Are the Iguanas?

Ever since we first came to Taxco, we'd been trying to find someone who could guide us to the haunts of the

iguanas. But nobody could tell us where the iguanas lived. The [Mexicans] assured us that there were iguanas back in the hills but they were *muy braco*, very fierce, and extremely difficult to catch. They themselves knew nothing about such barbaric customs as iguana hunting.

Then one day while wandering over the hills we met Chon. Chon was twelve years old and stood some four feet high on his bare, brown feet. He was herding goats on the almost perpendicular side of a cliff. Chon knew all about iguanas. He often saw them sunning themselves on big rocks. On rare occasions he was able to kill them with stones, but he assured us that an iguana could bite off your finger or break your leg with one blow of his powerful tail. Later, we found this was an exaggeration although the jaws and whiplike tail of a big iguana are formidable weapons.

We offered Chon a job as combined iguana-guide and assistant eagle trainer for the handsome sum of fifty cents a week. In mad excitement, Chon rushed home to get his serape which, to an Indian, serves the dual purpose of overcoat and bedclothes. Leaving his younger brother in charge of the goats, he returned with us to Taxco.

Our first iguana hunt came quite unexpectedly. We were returning from a ride in the hills with Aguila when Chon said casually, "Hay un iguana."

For a second, the import of the boy's words didn't sink in. Then Dan said eagerly, "Dónde?" Chon nodded towards a ridge of rocks that stuck out of the mountainside like the backbone of some prehistoric monster. Lying on top of the ridge was a black form. The creature was so motionless that he looked like part of the rock but as we watched, I could see his forked tongue flicker in and out.

This was a comparatively small iguana, about as long as a small dog, but a good size for Aguila's first attempt.

Although, in her wild state, Aguila must have often hunted small animals, this was the first iguana she had ever seen. So it was with considerable misgiving that I held up Aguila and gave her the traditional cry of "Gaze Hol!"—the falconer's signal to a hawk that game is afoot.

Aguila crouched her head down between her wings and studied the countryside with her wonderful telescopic eyes. She could have seen a rabbit two miles away . . . a moving rabbit. But birds of prey, like all animals, don't seem able to distinguish a motionless object. Aguila stared at the iguana less than two hundred yards away but obviously couldn't tell it from the rock.

There was nothing to do but go closer. I touched the mare [we had by now acquired] with my heel and she trotted forward, picking her way daintily over the loose rocks. For a second the lizard squatted down like a rabbit freezing. Then without any warning, he made a sudden bolt up the slope.

Aguila could see him now. Before I had a chance to throw her off, the eagle sprang into the air. Her great wings began to beat, slowly increasing in speed. Aguila always took an appreciable time to get under way and we waited in agony while she built up momentum.

Pursuit

The iguana was racing up the hill so fast that his long body seemed to be only a black flicker. But fast as the lizard was going, he seemed almost to be standing still compared to the speed of our eagle. Aguila was overhauling the reptile with every wingbeat, but the iguana still had a long lead. It was anybody's race.

Aguila half-closed her wings and shot down for the capture. The lizard was now only a few feet away from the edge of a perpendicular cliff. I saw Aguila's long, yellow legs flash forward as she reached for the iguana. Her wings began to reverse their beat as she tried to slow herself up so she wouldn't crash into the reptile. The iguana had reached the edge of the precipice. I knew the bird had him now for there was nowhere for him to go.

The iguana never paused. He rushed straight on out into space, his speed actually carrying him a foot or so into the air before he began to fall. Aguila shot upwards, turning her head as she did so to watch the falling lizard. Then, keeping her wings rigid, she dropped sideways down the side of the cliff, cutting the air like a falling knife.

She was too late. The iguana hit



Letter Box

What is your opinion? You write it; we'll print it. Address your letters to "Letter Box," Literary Cavalcade, 33 W. 42nd St., New York 36, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

Last year was the first time that I had come in contact with *Cavalcade*. I have enjoyed immensely each issue and especially look forward to the student writing section.

I am a senior in high school which means it is necessary to read a great deal in preparation for college. Reading the student writing section of your magazine inspires me to write more and helps me to gain new ideas. I also

derive a great deal of pleasure from your wide variety of stories, articles, quizzes, excerpts and poems. I am indeed proud to be a subscriber.

Judy Allen
Needham Senior High School
Needham, Mass.

Dear Editor:

With a background of prizes in poetry (one from your Writing Awards last year) and a strong interest in literature, I am starting (Sept.-Oct.) a poetry magazine for teen-agers. It will be called *Dawn: Teen-agers' Magazine*, and will feature poetry, prose, articles and short stories. It will be bi-monthly at thirty-five cents a copy, or two dollars a year.

I hope to receive contributions from Scholastic Award winners, winners of local contests, and any other serious writers from thirteen to nineteen.

My address is: *Dawn: Teen-agers' Magazine*, Lamoni, Iowa, and I would appreciate any notice you could give to my new project.

Dixie Lynne Harrington
Lamoni, Iowa

A Mystery!

Dear Editor:

Although I enjoy the selection of material in your magazine, I have one request. Let's have some more mystery stories!

I know that many murder yarns now on the book stands are poor—but a lot of good mysteries have been written, such as those of Poe, Doyle, Christie, and Ford. Can't we have a story or two that will keep us awake at night?

Charlie Murphy
Detroit, Michigan

Charlie, it's a mystery to us why we haven't had more mystery stories. However, things are looking up, for in this issue you'll find "The Monkey's Paw" (a horror-story classic), and in the following issues we promise some more. —Editor.

• If you were on the alert, we expect that you caught our error in "The Big Test" last month. The answer we gave to No. 7, pt. 1, was (2). It should have been (1). Our apologies! And thanks to all who have written about it.

the bottom of the cliff, his feet beginning to move while he was still in the air, and started running. Such a fall onto solid rock would have killed an ordinary animal, but the iguana didn't seem to mind it at all. He darted into the mouth of a cave with *Aguila* snatching for his long tail. When after half an hour of climbing we reached the spot, *Aguila* was peering into the black pocket, but there was no sign of the iguana. Our first hunt had failed.

[It was not until *Wriggles* stepped into the act that our attempts were rewarded. Our little terrier could see the motionless iguanas, which *Aguila* could not, and, barking furiously, he would dance near them until they moved. Then *Aguila* zoomed in on the giant lizards before they realized that the eagle, not a harmless dog, was their real antagonist. Before long, we had captured many iguanas by this ruse.]

The captured iguanas we kept in our patio, each lizard fastened to a small stake by a cord tied around his middle.

Of course, flying *Aguila* day after day as we were doing, something was bound to go wrong eventually. Disaster came late one afternoon while we were preparing to return to Taxco after a long day in the mountains.

Dan, Chon, and *Wriggles* were looking for iguanas along the side of a hill while I stayed at the top, sitting comfortably on the mare with *Aguila* on my fist and waiting to see if they'd put up anything. They finally gave up and started down the slope. Then I

heard *Wriggles* barking. There on a pile of rocks was the biggest iguana I'd ever seen.

To my astonished eyes, the reptile looked as big as a crocodile. It was actually well over six feet, counting the long, whip-like tail. Once *Wriggles* got too close. Suddenly the lizard's tail lashed out. *Wriggles* went rolling down the slope ears-over-tail. She got up a little groggily and went off reeling.

Then *Aguila* took off with one great sweep of her wings.

Instantly the iguana reared up, his blood-red mouth wide open, his long tail lashing behind him. He had a moment to get ready. Then the eagle reached him.

The iguana led with his tail. *Aguila* countered with a terrific left wing to the lizard's jaw. The iguana grabbed a mouthful of feathers and hung on. *Aguila* broke away, pulling out the feathers.

The lizard thought he still had the eagle and stood holding the feathers and looking a little surprised. This gave *Aguila* a chance to fasten a headlock on the reptile with both feet, a difficult task. The iguana promptly rolled with her, like an experienced wrestler. I saw the white under-coverts beneath *Aguila's* tail flash as the bird lost her balance. It began to look bad for New Jersey. I tried to get in with the mare to help our bird, but there was a little crevice there that we couldn't cross.

Then *Wriggles* came charging in from the side lines. Keeping a wary

eye on the lizard's tail, he nipped at his flank. The iguana spun around, snapping angrily. This gave *Aguila* a chance to get on her feet, but the lizard charged in again.

He got in two nasty blows with his tail and rushed *Aguila* up against a rock. The eagle leaped up in the air, turned, and came in again. She landed on the reptile's head. Holding him down with one foot, she grabbed his tail with the other.

The iguana, hissing like a steam whistle, tried to roll with the big bird. *Aguila* stopped him with her outstretched wings. The iguana countered by pushing forward, trying to throw the eagle over on her back. *Aguila* spread out her tail like a fan and braced herself against it. That did it. The lizard lay helpless, making a sound like the Twentieth Century Limited warming up at the station. While the two animals struggled there together, Dan finally came up. He tore his shirt into strips and tied up the big dragon.

When I came up, I found *Aguila* standing in a rapidly widening pool of blood. Dan, having secured the lizard, picked up *Aguila*. Suddenly he said very quietly, "He's bitten one of her toes."

I took *Aguila* on my fist and galloped back to Taxco as fast as the mare could lay hoof to the ground. When Dan arrived, we drove the bird to Mexico City and had a surgeon examine her. Eventually the toe mended. But we didn't fly *Aguila* at any more iguanas.



Poetry in Steel and Stone

Bridges should be convenient, beautiful and durable

—Palladio, 16th century architect

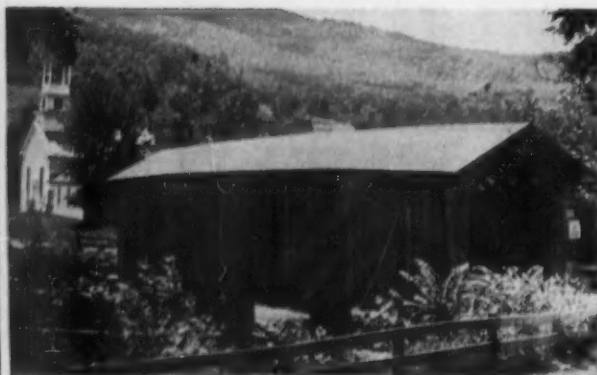
A bridge is more than a thing of steel and stone—

it is the fulfillment of human dreams to link distant places . . .

A bridge is more than a problem in stresses and strains—

it is a challenge and opportunity to create the beautiful

—D. B. Steinman, modern architect



1. A clever hunter, pursuing his quarry, threw a fallen log across a stream and scrambled over it. He had built a bridge. Many bridges, such as the Vermont covered bridge at left, are a variation of this first, simple "beam bridge." Notice the triangular patterns which "truss" or strengthen the side walls. Modern steel railroad bridges often use this same truss idea. (Wooden bridges were "covered" to protect timbers from rain and snow.)

2. Arches to span the distance between piers were first used by the Romans. As man mastered flatter arches, he could span greater distances. This Swiss "arch bridge" (1904) is of stone; our Rainbow Bridge at Niagara is a steel arch; Swiss engineer Maillart is famed for arches of new ferro-concrete.



3. Monkeys swinging from overhead vines were the earliest users of "suspension bridges." Long ago the Chinese hung bridges from ropes of twisted bamboo, similar to the recent Chinese bridge at right with its little pagodas protecting timbers from weather. The Brooklyn Bridge (cover photo) was one of the first of the great modern suspension bridges in which the U. S. leads the world. →

Edited by Patrick and Mary Hazard



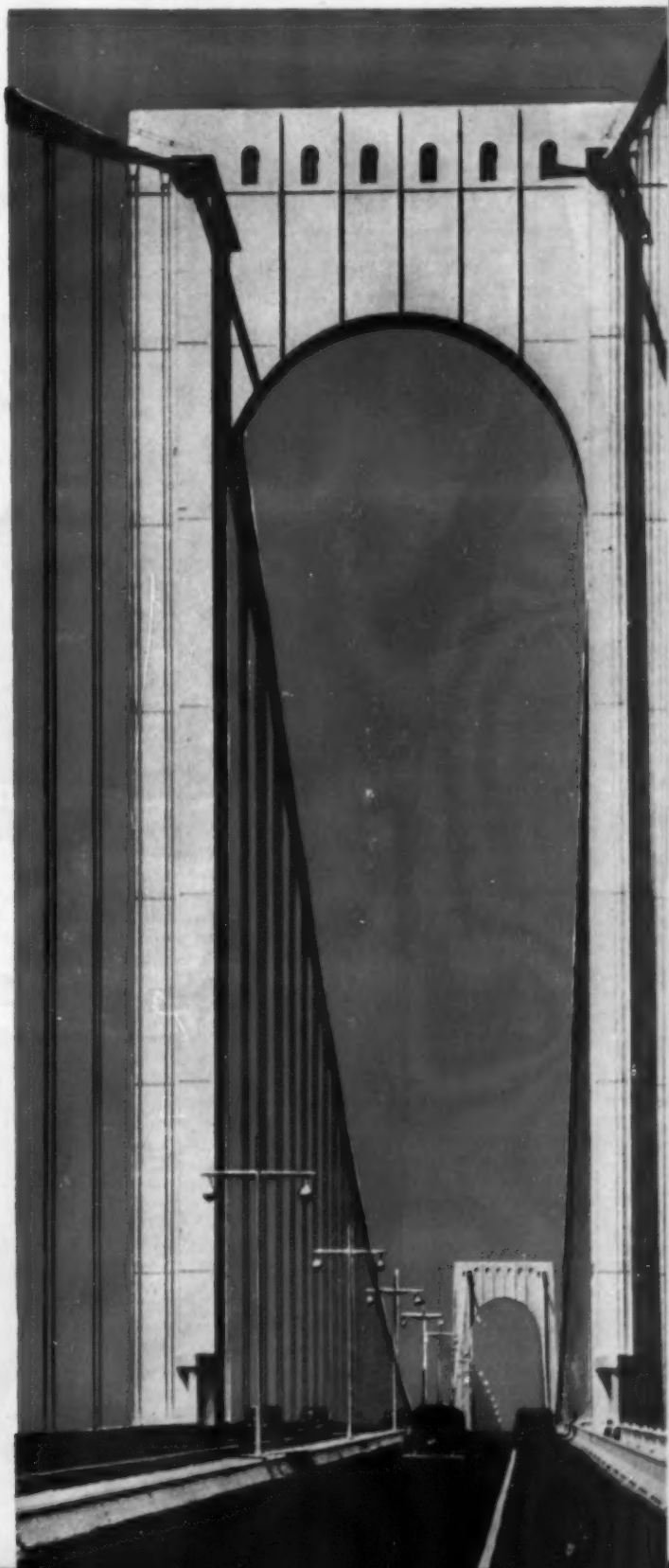
Standard Oil Co. (N. J.)

4. The George Washington Bridge over the Hudson River in New York (1931) is still "unfinished." Architects had planned to sheathe its towers in heavy masonry, but were dissuaded from it by popular protest. People liked the beauty of steel girders and swooping cables. The utter simplicity of the later Bronx-Whitestone Bridge (rt.) reflects this new appreciation.



Gaillumette Photo

Photo: U. S. Steel



The Only

*He was Highland High's hero
—no one would blame him for what happened*



charles beck

Short Story by CHARLES MERCER

Illustrated by Charles Beck

Way to Win

HE got up late that Saturday. Ruby, the cook, served him breakfast in the dining room. He was reading the sports section of the morning paper at the table when he heard his mother come into the house.

But he pretended not to hear her. Sometimes, particularly in the morning, she annoyed him. Sometimes, when the Old Man wasn't around, she treated him like a baby. It was annoying to be treated that way when you were eighteen years old.

"Hal," she said cheerfully as she came toward him. "Sleep well, dear?" She ran a hand across his blond hair which was short and bristled hard as a brush when rubbed the wrong way.

"Oh, sure."

His mother gazed up at him fondly. He was a big kid, tall and wide-shouldered, with even features.

"The last game of the season today." She sounded glad. But before she could tell him how glad she was, the telephone rang and she left the room.

He stared out a window. The sky was blue and the sun shafted down brightly, laying the precise shadows of bare maples on the big yard. It was a perfect day for football.

"Carol for you," his mother called.

He took his time going to the telephone. Carol would wait, he knew. She was the best-looking girl in Highland High but she'd wait indefinitely for him.

He was, after all, the captain of

Highland's football team and the class president and on the honor roll. He was going to college next year and his old man was J. D. Caldwell, who really was somebody around the suburb of Highland and in the city, too.

Those were some of the reasons why Carol Kirsh went steady with him.

He picked up the phone and said, "Yeah." His tone did not ape toughness; it simply was flat, sure. It was the tone he used with practically everyone he knew. It was the Old Man's tone. It got results.

"Hi," Carol said. She always sounded relaxed.

"What d'you know?"

"Think I'll have a little party tonight," she said. "The usuals. Okay?"

"Sure."

"Okay." She paused as if waiting for him to say more and when he didn't she said, "Give it to Glenfield today."

"Natch."

"So old Grummick isn't letting Buzz play. What a graut!"

"Yeah." He took a deep breath. "We'll do okay without him. See you later, kid." And he hung up.

He wished then that he'd prolonged the conversation awhile. He often felt there was something he should say to Carol or she to him but it seemed they never could.

Grummick the graut, he thought as he wandered into the den and sprawled on the sofa. He wasn't sure what the word "graunt" meant. It was a word the gang used to describe a certain—well, it described a guy like Grummick, the high-school principal, who didn't care about having a winning football team, a vague character who would rather generalize than be specific.

Just last Monday when Hal had gone into his office to try to argue him into letting Buzz Strathmeyer play in the Glenfield game despite his low grades, Grummick had done it again. He'd gone off on a tangent.

"Tell me, Hal," he'd said suddenly, "what's happened to you and all that gang you run around with? You've always got to win! Did it ever occur to you that it might be good for you to lose a little? Some day you'll wake up and feel you missed something. You

know what you'll miss? Your youth."

Grummick had smiled and pushed his hair off his forehead. "No, Hal, I won't let Buzz play on Saturday. I'll be out there cheering for you. But I won't feel too bad if we lose."

A graut, Hal thought disgustedly. He picked up a magazine as the Old Man clumped in, his face flushed from playing golf.

"What d'ya say, J. D.?"

"Oke." His father grinned. He liked Hal to call him J. D. It showed, he'd boasted, that this, his only child, was a mature man at eighteen.

But it just went to show you, Hal thought, that you never could satisfy the older generation. Grummick wanted you young. The Old Man wanted you mature. You never could please everybody.

Mother appeared in the door behind the Old Man, gazing at him worriedly. Her hands fluttered, reminding him oddly of a white lovebird she'd once had that had beaten its wings against its cage and fallen over dead.

The Old Man winked. "Take it easy, kid, and then—" he drove a fist through the air—"give Glenfield the works!"

Hal suddenly wanted to follow them to the dining room. For an incredible moment he wanted to be a little boy again. But he didn't follow them. He sat still, wondering what was wrong with him.

Maybe the trouble was that this was his last high-school game today. And most important it was the Glenfield game, which really was supposed to be something this year because each team had dropped only one.

Besides, there was a tradition around Highland that the team could lose every game up to the Glenfield contest but if they won that it was a successful season. There was a tradition that Glenfield, the suburb on the plain, was jealous of Highland, the suburb on the hill, where the people were supposed to be richer and houses bigger.

So it was essential to beat Glenfield, to uphold the tradition, to keep the bums in their place.

The bums? He was thinking suddenly of Jean Kenyon. She'd be a senior at Glenfield High School this year. She was, well, she was so easy to remember. He'd met her last summer at the lake. He'd met her on the far raft.

One day he had swum out to the raft and there she was. He liked the way she looked in a bathing suit and he liked her dark hair and blue eyes. But that wasn't all there was to it. He liked the thought that sprang upon him: she was beautiful now but she'd grow more beautiful.

It was screwball but she gave him the feeling he'd like to hang around to see how she turned out five or ten years



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later. She aroused in him the arresting idea of growth and change just when he was feeling he'd gotten his growth and nothing ever would change.

He didn't know what to call it, those four or five weeks when he knew Jean Kenyon. There was nothing sticky about those weeks. They'd both seen to that. It was like opening a joint bank account instead of wasting your change on ice-cream sodas. It was a series of great surprises.

He was surprised to learn that she came from Glenfield for he hadn't supposed that anyone so lovely would live in that town. But he was more surprised to learn she was working as a waitress that summer at a hotel where her aunt was a housekeeper.

She never stopped surprising him from the first day to the last as she disagreed with him amusedly on so much of his—well, his attitude. And she showed such amazing contradictions.

She was so ambitious that she worked as a waitress in the hope of going to college yet she told him that she thought too much ambition was a bad thing. She was extraordinarily shy about coming home with him one evening to meet Mother and the Old Man, yet, once there, she wasn't a bit afraid to disagree with the Old Man or to tell Mother she was a waitress.

But her biggest surprise she saved for the last day he knew her. They were lying on the raft that afternoon, arms extended, fingertips touching in their closest approximation of a kiss. They were talking.

That is, he was being positive about something—about the rightness of a mighty man who was much in the news. That was the sort of thing they often found themselves talking about. And she, as usual, was goodhumoredly disagreeing, not so much with his opinion as with his positiveness.

"How can you always be so sure, Hal?" she was always laughingly asking him.

Suddenly there was a great splashing and Bolo Godwaite pulled himself onto the raft, yapping loudly. Bolo was a skinny kid who worked for the boat club that summer. He was all right at times but Hal didn't want him around just then and told him to scram. Jean pressed restraining fingers against his.

Bolo asked plaintively if he thought he owned the darned raft, and though Jean continued to press his fingers warningly, he got up leisurely and threw Bolo into the lake. Bolo climbed back angrily and Hal pushed him off again.

"Hall!" Jean rose, her eyes smoldering. "Don't do that!"

"I told that two-bit boatman to leave us alone," he said.

"But it's not your raft," Jean said.

Bolo clambered onto the raft again, gasping for breath, and again Hal flung him off. Then Jean pulled on her bathing cap, dived off the raft and swam toward shore. He watched her go with bewilderment, before diving and swimming fast after her. Behind him he heard Bolo, who had struggled onto the raft again, yah-yah-yahing derisively.

He caught up with Jean in the shallow water and tried to talk to her. She didn't answer until they reached the beach. Then she turned and said, "So long, Hal. It's been fun." She walked away fast.

He was hurt and then he was angry and eventually he was terribly lonely. He went around to the hotel where she worked and finally cornered her.

When he started to speak she said, "It just won't work, Hal." She extended a hand and he took it automatically. And then she hurried away but not before he saw the tears in her eyes.

Now dig that! You went all out for a dame and then she turned on you just because you wouldn't do everything her way. But it was a good thing to find it out quickly. No dame from down near the Glenfield railroad tracks—no, not that but—

Well, it was lucky that Carol came back from Europe with her family just then and they picked up where they'd left off in June. Of course it was lucky. It had to be or none of this would make sense.

Sense. That was the important thing. He hadn't showed much sense after he returned from the lake and phoned Jean. He'd just wanted to give her the chance to change her mind if she saw things differently then. He'd just wanted—well, doggone it, to see her.

But not any more. Not after she was so polite on the telephone but firmly refused to date him. After that the green and blue summer days, the silver and velvet nights on the lake—all that was past.

Now in the cold season he was going out to the last game—and win. He'd show her he was a winner. He's show her what she'd missed. For she undoubtedly would be there. Yes, he'd show her today.

HE FELT fine when he trotted onto the field at the head of the squad and the Highland stands cheered and the band played *On to Victory*.

There was a welcoming yell from the Glenfield stands as the enemy came on to the field. He always thought of the opposition as the enemy. He had to hate the opposing team, he had to work himself into a cold calculated hatred in order to do his best.

Once last season, in the Red Oak game, he'd played against Minty Balch, an old friend from days at the lake. In that game Minty had helped him up when he was down and he'd helped Minty up. He just couldn't work up any hatred against Red Oak and so Highland had lost.

But he'd learned his lesson. He must not stop hating.

He saw the Old Man and Mother on the fifty-yard line. Then he glimpsed Carol. She sat in the midst of the gang. She wasn't so corny as to wave to him of course, though he rather wished she would. He'd like to know she was there, and while he saw her face, he felt she really wasn't there at all.

Warming up, he slowly worked his way across the cold November field. He looked over the Glenfield stands frequently, wondering if he'd see Jean, telling himself he didn't care but wondering anyway.

Failing to see her he thought that the people from that town certainly had no tone. A lot of them looked pretty seedy. Of course, Jean had tone but—

The warm-up ended then and the first string clustered around Coach Ford at the bench. Ford played him at full-back. Ford simply didn't have the material for two first-string offensive and defensive platoons so Hal played nearly sixty minutes of every game in that lonely position where you had to make like the all-American boy most of the time.

It began in all-American-boy style all right. He won the toss and Highland spread into receiving position. Here was the perfect football day. There were his parents and his girl watching him as was always the way in football stories. A drum rolled as Glenfield swept forward following a beautiful kick.

The ball came in a flat trajectory straight toward him. He tucked it in an arm easily, almost tenderly, and swept after his grouping defense. But Drew Taylor was moving too slowly in front of him and suddenly it seemed that there was no defense. Then the truck hit him.

He was lying on the ground, dreaming about the all-American boy. He heard the whistle. And he didn't have the ball. He fingers clawed at the turf as if to dig him a place to hide. But he knew he couldn't hide and he squirmed over to find and kill the man who had the ball.

The guy lay beside him. He was a little guy and under his big helmet he looked like a baby in a bonnet. He was hugging the ball and grinning.

"Hi," he said to Hal.

"You'd better get out of the game," Hal said slowly. "You'd better quit right now or your own mother won't recognize you."

The little guy stared at him in amazement and then he started to laugh. The referee took the ball and the little guy got up, laughing. It was Glenfield's ball on Highland's twenty-six-yard line. The Glenfield stands were wild, the Highland stands, stunned.

Hal called for time. He knelt on the ground with the team around him and used tough language. Then he said, "Who is he? Who is that runt?"

"That's Cronk," somebody said. "You know."

Now he knew. He'd only heard before. The papers had touted Dave Cronk in their high-school sports columns and Coach Ford had yakked about watching Cronk, a junior, a new kid who'd just come to Glenfield.

I'll kill that runt, he thought. I'll get him. It's the only sure way to win. He told them they had to hold.

And they did. Hal yearned to get at Cronk but he didn't have a chance to get in and fix Cronk's wagon.

WHEN it was Highland's ball on its own eighteen-yard line Hal downed the impulse to try to run it out. He did the conservative thing and kicked out.

Cronk gathered in the ball away up near his own twenty-five-yard line and came down the field, not terribly fast but balanced, like a ballet dancer. He seemed to move in a rhythm all his own, off beat from the rhythm of anyone on that field, sprinting and slowing and weaving unpredictably.

It was a difficult rhythm to follow, like a strange and beautiful dance. But Hal sensed it and moved in slowly, staking him. Cronk came through Brown and Stansyck and Harrison and then he sprinted, angling away from Hal. They streaked toward an inevitable point on the Glenfield side of Highland's thirty-yard line. But as the point of impact seemed impossible to avoid, as Hal's arms swung forward to seize and fling down and crush the small body, Cronk seemed to stop dead. It was an almost impossible halt in his sprint, a kind of blurred optical illusion. Yet Hal, in his quick study of Cronk's rhythm, had expected it. His cleats dug at the ground but the momentum of his heavier body carried him past the angle of Cronk's break. His right hand flailed at Cronk but Cronk twisted from his grasp.

Somehow he managed to pivot. His legs churned, his heart seemed to coil and spring him forward. There was the goal line, there was Cronk, there was he. The distances between took an eternity to narrow.

And suddenly the three were bunched in one. That was how it must look to all the world. Only the runners, the

About the Author

Charles Mercer tells us that the idea for "The Only Way to Win" comes from a newspaper item about a high school boy who was fatally injured in a football game. From there on the characters and plot are fiction.

Mr. Mercer is an established author who miraculously does his writing "on the side" from his job with the Associated Press in New York City. His second novel is just off the press: *There Comes a Time* (Putnam), a moving story of a young minister.



two who timed it as closely as clock or camera, knew differently. Dave Cronk knew he was across the line for he began to turn his head.

Certainly Hal Caldwell knew. He could not stop this score now but maybe he could stop Cronk. The sure way to win was to forget this score and stop Cronk.

He tackled him at the waist. His arms went around the slight hard body under the big loose jersey and he tipped off on his right toe in a shallow dive. And in that instant he saw Cronk's face, surprised, wondering why he was tackled now that he was across the goal. Hal flattened his weight along Cronk's back, driving his thick padded shoulder into the loose helmet as they went down, driving his weight hard as Cronk flattened under him.

He rolled on over Cronk and got to his feet slowly, hearing the ecstatic screaming from the Glenfield stands.

But Cronk didn't get up. He lay there on the grass. He certainly was a little guy.

Hal kept wiping his hands on his pants, trying vainly to get the sweat off his palms. He looked down at Cronk. His eyes were closed, his mouth open and curled at the corners in a kind of smile, like a kid playing dead. Hal kept wiping his hands on his pants.

The Glenfield doctor appeared and Hal went back to his team. Somewhere an airplane droned in the fall sky but down here the people were silent, staring at the motionless body of Dave Cronk.

After awhile some students trotted out from the Glenfield bench with a stretcher. They moved Dave Cronk onto it and carried him off the field.

As they reached the edge of the field somebody cried, "Dave!" A small dark girl darted from the stands. Behind her came Jean.

Hal started forward and stopped,

gaping at Jean. Why, out of all the thousands in the stands, must it be Jean who ran to Cronk's stretcher?

Then he saw her hold the smaller girl back from the stretcher. Maybe the small dark one was Dave Cronk's girl. That was the way it had to be.

Please, he thought as he turned away, don't let Jean be Cronk's girl. But if she is, he thought, Cronk has made a good choice. You had to give him credit. You had to give Dave Cronk credit for a lot of things.

Brown said, "Well, we got rid of our competition."

Nobody spoke. Nobody even looked at Brown except Hal who said, "He'll be all right. He'll be back next quarter and running right through you—and through me too."

They looked at him in surprise and he realized he'd never said anything like that before. He was being a lousy captain. But he wanted Cronk back.

"Yes, sir," he said to them, "Cronk'll be back."

BUT Cronk didn't come back and without him it wasn't much of a game. Glenfield kicked the ball wide of the posts in the try for the extra point. Highland should have romped for a touchdown after that but Highland seemed as weakened as Glenfield.

Hal wondered if anyone except himself knew why. For it was his fault. He was playing sloppily, he didn't care who won. He was just waiting for Dave Cronk to come back into the game. When Cronk did come back he would go up to him and shake his hand. Not for the grandstands. Just for himself. He wanted to shake the hand of the best player he'd ever seen.

He was still anxiously waiting for Cronk to come back early in the second quarter when Ford sent in Harris to replace him. As he trotted toward the bench the Highland stands gave him a hand. It wasn't an ovation, just a polite hand. But even that was better than he felt he deserved.

Ford and Grummick and a stranger stood at the end of the bench, staring at him.

"Look, kid—" Ford placed an arm around his shoulders. "There's been an accident. Cronk, he—he—"

"Hal—" Grummick looked at him gravely—"Dave Cronk's neck was broken. He has only a slim chance."

The world grew blurred. He wasn't crying but the world was blurred. He heard their voices but he couldn't make out what they were saying.

Finally he heard his own voice. "Call the game. Glenfield won. Dave Cronk won the game."

At dinner that evening his throat constricted at the first taste of food

and he left the table. His father followed him into the den.

"Look, son," he said at last, "I used to play football myself."

"Did you ever kill anybody?" asked Hal.

His father grimaced. "Now look here." He made his voice loud. "You cut that out. An accident is an accident."

"It wasn't an accident." He raised his gaze to his father's. "Don't you see? I was so mad at Cronk I wanted to kill him. So maybe I have."

"Don't talk foolish." He repeated the words measuredly, almost shouting. "Everybody gets mad sometimes when they're playing football. It just happened. It's one of those things. Reminds me of the plant. You remember when I absorbed Faber's outfit. Well, I—he—I thought he could take care of himself on a deal but he was overtrusting. I mean—"

"You mean," Hal said, "you tricked him. And now you're trying to justify what happened as something like the natural risks of business. Just like you're trying to justify this as the natural risks of football. All because we were doing our best to win. Well, it doesn't seem right."

Then, knowing he'd hurt him, he muttered, "I'm sorry, Dad," and he realized it was the first time he'd called him Dad in a long while. In some ways they seemed closer than ever. Yet basically they were further apart.

"That's okay, Hal." The voice was low, persuasive. "When you come into the plant with me—"

He didn't listen. In the past whenever he'd thought about the future he'd assumed he'd go into the plant with his father after college. But now he knew he wouldn't. He was going his own way. He hadn't the vaguest idea yet where it would lead him but at least it would be his own way.

He stood up. "I'm going down to the Cronks' house."

His father gaped at him. Then he made his tone judicious. "All right, Hal, all right. Pick up some of the fellows and—"

"No," Hal said, "I'm going alone."

As he went through the hall his mother came up, her face taut. "Carol called you, Hal. She said some of the gang were at her house and you hadn't showed up yet."

"Does the dizzy dame think I'm going there tonight!" he shouted. "I'm going down to the Cronks."

Her eyes widened. She might be going to cry. Suddenly she pulled his face down to hers and kissed his forehead. "I'm glad," she said. "I'm awfully glad."

The Cronks lived on a side street lined with old small houses crowded in tiny yards. As he drove along it he

remembered that Jean had told him she lived on this street. But he tried not to think about her.

He stopped his car in front of the Cronks' house and hunched behind the wheel for awhile, thinking that he couldn't go in. But he did, slowly, and the ringing of the doorbell seemed subdued by the clamor of his heart.

A girl opened the door. In the sudden light he blinked at her in surprise. Jean!

"Come in," she said in a low voice. She stepped ahead of him into the small living room. "Mr. Cronk, this is Hal Caldwell."

A slight man wearing a dark suit sat in a chair, dragging on a dead pipe and staring straight before him. His eyes met Hal's. They were faded eyes, expressing nothing. Slowly he got to his feet and came to Hal and shook hands limply.

"You were very decent to come," he said. "I'm sorry, my wife, she—she's upstairs resting." He turned. "This is my other son—this is my son, Jack."

Jack Cronk was about fourteen years old, big for his age. He sat, hands stuffed in his pockets, and glowered at Hal.



"Glad to meet you, Jack," Hal mumbled and started toward him. But Jack simply stared at Hal with hatred.

"And this," said Mr. Cronk, turning to the dining-room archway, "Dave's sister—my daughter, Marilyn."

She was the small dark girl who had rushed from the stands when Dave was carried from the field. She looked at him through a film of tears and suddenly she whirled and fled through the darkened dining room.

"Hal," Jean said quickly, "my brother, Dick." He had come from the hall behind them, a big kid possibly a year or two older than Jack, fifteen or so. He lounged against an old upright piano and stared hard at Hal.

"Jean's told me a lot about you, Dick," Hal said.

"Yeah?" A not-so-tough kid trying to act tough. "That's a hot one. I never heard about you."

"Mr. Cronk," Jean said, "won't you let me get you some coffee now?"

"No. No, thank you, Jean." He looked at Hal. "Take a chair, Jean's been—well, she's sort of been helping us here. We're neighbors, I guess you know. Friends. Jean and Marilyn. Jack and

Dick. They've made it nice for us coming into this new town. The other fellows—the Glenfield fellows, the ones on Dave's team—they just left."

Hal sank into the uncomfortable sofa, trying to ignore the stares of Jack Cronk and Dick Kenyon. They hated him and he did not blame them. He hated himself. How could he start again and be different?

He cleared his throat. "I came to say, Mr. Cronk, that I—" His hands clenched in the futility of saying anything—"that Dave is the best football player I ever played against. He—he is a great little guy. I—I'm sorry."

The lids fluttered over the pale-blue eyes. Mr. Cronk dragged hard at his dead pipe. Finally he said, "He sure liked football. He is pretty light, only a junior, but he sure liked the game."

Then the terrible silence. Dave would be sitting here now if it hadn't been for this afternoon.

Mr. Cronk lowered his pipe. "It was an accident," he said dully. "It was—one of those things that happen when you—go hard at something."

Supposing he told them it wasn't an accident? But it would only make things worse for them instead of better.

Dimly he felt that it might make things better for him if he told them. But it no longer mattered how he felt. Now it only mattered how they felt. He wanted to do something. Words, even the sincere words that were ready to tumble from his lips, were too weak.

"Mr. Cronk. Mr. Cronk, at a time like this—I mean, because of what's happened, you—you suddenly find yourself loaded with expenses you didn't expect. And I wondered if—I'd like to do something toward—"

"No!" Mr. Cronk got up and scowled down at him. "Thank you for calling, young man."

Jean rose too. Jack and Dick sneered at him.

He got to his feet and backed into the hall, mumbling incoherently. Jean opened the front door for him and suddenly stepped out after him.

"I'm sorry," he said.

"You're a fool," she answered. "Just because—You needn't think—Coming here trying to buy something with your father's money!"

"I'm not trying to buy anything." His voice rose unhappily. "And it's not my father's money. I've got five hundred dollars in savings bonds in my own name and I just wanted to do something—" The words trailed off as he saw her expression of misery.

Impulsively she reached out and touched his arm. "I know," she said. "I feel as sorry for you as for them. Hal, you didn't have to hit Dave so hard, did you?"

He shook his head. "That's the awful

thing," he said slowly. "At the time I hated him so much that I wanted to kill him."

She stared at him for a moment. Then she swung around and went inside and slammed the door shut behind her.

MONDAY was the most difficult day of his life. He didn't want to go to school. But he went of course. He knew he had to go. It was like being thrown from a horse; you always were supposed to get up and ride again. Yet once he was in school he found that everyone was as friendly as always and he realized that no one blamed him for what had happened.

The city's Sunday newspaper had set the mood with its front-page story about Dave Cronk's accident. It had reported that his neck was broken "in a goal-line tackle," making it sound as if the whole Highland team had piled on him. There even were a few lines about Captain Hal Caldwell's insisting that the game be called. He sounded good in the newspaper. Dave Cronk might not live but he, Hal Caldwell, sounded good.

Carol walked from chemistry to history class with him, chattering about the Christmas dance. She didn't mention Dave Cronk or Hal's failure to attend the party Saturday night. Nothing had really changed. He could go right on as he had been going.

He went home dazedly. His mother came in a few minutes later. They sat in the living room as the dark afternoon waned and finally he told her about the Dave Cronk incident in detail.

"Perhaps he'll pull through," she said. And then after a long time, "I won't tell you to try to forget it, Hal. You'll forget the worst of it eventually. But I hope you can remember the best of it. Because there could be just a little good in that for you."

"It may—" She hesitated and looked around the large, expensively furnished living room. "It may make you see that there's a penalty in trying too hard for some things that don't count at all. In a sense, you know, your father and I are more to blame than you for what happened. We must have taught you that the important thing is to win, no matter how."

"That's what's wrong, Hal. If you could learn that, some good could come out of this for you."

He thought about what his mother had said in the following days. Dave Cronk's condition improved but Hal lived in a kind of solitary confinement of his own construction. He went around school with Carol and the rest of the gang but after school he didn't go to the drugstore with them or date

Carol in the evenings. He went home alone and read or merely sat. And he seldom stopped thinking about Jean.

Finally, on a gray afternoon in December, Carol stopped him as he hurried toward his car in the school parking lot.

"Listen, Hal." She looked at him coldly. "It doesn't take a house to fall on me. Everybody gets the idea that you want to be left alone. There's just one question. Are you taking me to the Christmas dance next week?"

He looked at her for several seconds. "You'd better get another date," he said and walked to his car.

Then he did what he'd wanted to do for a long time. He drove down to Glenfield and looked for Jean among the crowds of homeward-bound students.

At last he saw her. But she was walking with Marilyn Cronk and he didn't have the nerve to stop and speak to them. It was the one thing in the world he wanted to do but he didn't have the nerve.

The next day he left his car at home, not wanting to ride up to Jean in the sleek roadster. After school he walked to Glenfield but he didn't see her.

On the third day, when the first light snow of the season covered the ground, he walked to Glenfield again. And then at last he saw her, walking alone in the gathering darkness of late afternoon. Again he was afraid to speak to her but he had to know what she truly thought.

He caught up with her and said quietly, "Hi, Jean."

Her lovely face turned to his quickly but it seemed to take her forever to say, "Hi." A last fluttering flake of snow touched her dark hair and jeweled there, melting.

"May I carry your books?" It didn't seem a corny question, not now, not with her.

"All right," she said after another pause and gave him the stack of school books.

He had imagined himself saying many fine things to her but now he could only say, "You want a soda or something?"

"No, thanks."

His heart seemed to hesitate in its heavy hammering. "Everything going okay?"

"Oh, yes," she said. "Just fine. And you?"

"Fine. Just George." His tone was unconvincing.

He did not speak for some time for he was content just to be walking along her street with her, the light snow scrunching underfoot, the bare branches of the elms tossing overhead in the northern wind. Lights from the windows of the old houses cast faint yel-

low paths on the new snow. A man's voice rang across the street. Somewhere a shovel scraped a path. From the houses came the smells of onions cooking and meat frying.

Good sounds, good smells, he thought. A house on this street would be better than all the mansions in Highland.

He breathed deeply. "Jean, I've been wanting to ask you. Could—would you go to our Christmas dance with me?"

Her lips parted. For an instant he was sure she'd agree. But she shook her head slowly. "Thanks, Hal, I'd like to. But I can't."

He looked at her closely. "Just tell me one thing, Jean. Are you Dave's girl? Because if you were, I understand. I know it wouldn't be, well, right for me to try to see you any more. I mean—see, I've got to be punished for what I did. I know that. And it would sort of be just what I deserve if you were his girl and that's why you don't want to see me."

She looked at him gravely. "No, Hal. I'm not Dave's girl."

"Then why—" He paused. "I guess I don't need to ask you why you don't want to see me. It's because of the way I am. That day on the raft, the day I kept pushing Bolo off, it was just like the way I set out to fix Dave's wagon, wasn't it? You saw away back then just what I'm like. I've got to be the big shot. I've got to have my way. I've got to win."

He shook his head. "I don't trust a guy who tells you he's going to turn over a new leaf. I know I'd like to change but, well, words don't mean anything. It's how you are inside and how the inside makes you act outside—"

She halted suddenly at the path to her house and looked up at him as his voice trailed off. Her face was troubled.

"Maybe I'm the one who's being superior," she said. "Maybe I'm being the smug one now instead of you. But I want time to think over things, Hal."

SUDDENLY, instinctively, he knew that you couldn't force the most important things. And this was the most important thing of his life.

He interrupted her quickly. "Let's not talk about it right now, Jean. Let's see what happens. Maybe someday I'll walk down here again."

Her mittened hand squeezed his as she took her books from him. "I'll see you, Hal." Then she was running up the path to her house.

He walked on slowly. For a moment he was tempted to look back but he was certain she wouldn't be watching him. He was sure that she wanted to forget the attraction of last summer.

On the Cronk steps he noticed Jack holding a shovel and Dick Kenyon balancing a broom. Talking with Jean he had not seen them come out to clean the walks. They stood motionless as cats and stared at him across the snow.

"Hi." His despondent voice was so indistinct that it probably didn't carry to them. He didn't care now. He never could change the fact they were his enemies. He walked on, head lowered.

The sharp blow on his back staggered him. He stumbled and wheeled. Jack Cronk faced him, shovel raised to hit him again. Beside him stood Dick Kenyon, his face pale and determined.

"That's for you, hot stuff." Jack's face was contorted savagely. "You stay away from here!"

"And stay away from my sister," Dick cried shrilly.

The crazy guys! And then he thought that the expressions on their faces must be what his own had been when he had looked at Dave Cronk that Saturday. That was what Dave must have thought about him: The crazy guy!

"Jack," he said, "Dick, look—"

Dick swung the broom at him. Hal ducked and snatched it from him and flung it aside. He could beat these kids to a pulp. But he wouldn't, no matter what they did to him.

Together they drove in at him, butting and swinging fiercely. He slipped and fell backward. He fended instinctively but he didn't try to hit them as they fell on him. He saw the shovel swinging at him and he tried to duck.

In the deep darkness and numbing pain he heard Jean crying, "Dick! Jack!" And in the darkness he knew she had stood and watched him.

He was lying on the sidewalk and she was crouched beside him, wailing, "You crazy kids! He didn't even try to defend himself. Suppose you've killed him!"

He could see her beside him, he could hear her. His head throbbed painfully but he smiled.

And then he stopped smiling as Jack cried, "I didn't mean to kill him!" And he understood with an acute pang—and remorse. Nobody had been able to help him then but now he could try to help others.

"I'm okay," he said. "You hear me, Jack, Dick? I really am okay. Things are going to be all right."

YOUR TURN: What do you think of this story? Does it make a fair point? Could it have happened? Is it too "strong"—i.e., the accident too serious? Or not strong enough? Send your opinion to our Letter Box!



Commendation in photography, by Charles Sprowl, New Trier H. S., Winnetka, Ill., '55 Art Awards.

FRESH AIR

The room was clean, quiet—and lifeless. Then he came in, bringing life and energy, casually . . . Deborah Wickes' essay won honorable mention in the 1955 Scholastic Writing Awards.

By Deborah Wickes

Horace Greeley H. S.
Chappaqua, N. Y.
Teacher, Sylvia Kurson

THE ROOM was quiet and clean, as a sick room ought to be. The rug was as spotless and smooth as the bedspread on the empty bed. On the bureau, the little cup of flowers stood on an unwrinkled white cover, and the books were stacked neatly on the desk. Because the shades were drawn, the one center light made a yellow ray on the rug. Even if I didn't like being sick, I liked the ordered silence that always came over my room when Mother took over.

I shivered as the kitchen door banged with cold freshness. I heard a loud, unrestrained laugh muffle my mother's voice, and soon my room shook with the heavy steps on the stairs. The house seemed to hold on, and unconsciously I took a deep breath. When he came in, the furniture almost had to back up, he was so big and tall and merry.

"What's it so gloomy in here for? Let's have some lights. Man, it's really cold outside!" He turned on the two

small lights on the table, knocking over some pictures. His red face smiled at me quickly, and I sat up. The big white bucks had made the rug look as if a thousand people had been square-dancing on it. The books slid from the desk as he tapped his foot to my radio music.

I wanted to feel as bright as his big wool shirt, instead of so plain in my dark brown bed. He settled down in a chair that had always seemed normal to me; but with his lanky rocking figure in it, it looked like a small doll's chair. "You're just like all those girls. Why do they collect those fat fuzzy animals?"

"I only have three."

"Yeah, but what can you use them for?"

"I don't know; just for fun."

"I could never have fun with a stuffed animal."

He put out one arm, stretching, and his long fingers touched the wooden knob on my closet door, banging it shut. "School was grubby today," he grumbled. "They gave me the littlest lunch

Cavalcade Firsts 1955

By YOUNG WRITERS

Selections from

Scholastic Writing Awards Entries

I've ever eaten in the cafeteria. Only four slices of bread." He watched me to see if I would agree.

Just then, Mother came in with my supper, and I laughed as his eyes widened with amazement. "No wonder you're sick. Is that all you eat?" He watched me take every mouthful, and I felt embarrassed eating in front of him. When I finished, he said, "I'm glad I didn't eat that. I'd still be hungry."

When he flipped open his notebook to give me the homework, I watched the chair stretch forward and wait for one more push before collapsing. He tossed two wrinkled papers at me and said, "Here's all we did today." Finding another paper in his notebook, he squashed it into a ball and twisted himself into a crooked position to aim at my defenseless wastepaper basket. "Gotta go, Debs," he said, looking at me quietly. The stillness of the room spoke, just before his chair fell over as he got up.

"Don't go," I said quickly.

He reached for his coat and leaned over the bed to say, "Keep smiling, Debs."

The door banged downstairs. My tousled room was empty.

I Wait on a Hill

By David Case

Gloversville High School
Teacher, Mary Evelyn Connors

The man is coming up the hill . . . Now he is standing before me. He says, "Are you still working, X-96?" I remain very still.

David Case's science-fiction short-story won an award in the 1955 Scholastic Writing Awards.

I SIT all day on a hill. I never work. I never rest. I only exist.

I have a name. Man gave me a name. Man made me. I should love man.

I don't love man. I can't love. I am incapable of emotion. I am a machine. I am called X-96.

I can see the landscape through my recording lenses. It is rolling and green. Men used to say it was beautiful. I wouldn't know. I wasn't made to judge such things. I was made to serve man.

It has been a long time since I saw

a man. They never come here any more. Perhaps there are no men left. I heard some talk of a great war, long ago. But I don't doubt or wonder about it. I wasn't built to wonder.

I don't miss man. But if one came, I could study him. I am trying to figure out about men . . . especially about their emotions. I can't understand love—or hate. It is beyond my knowledge to reason about emotions. If I were capable of it, I would be curious to know. But, of course, I cannot even be curious.

Through my recording lenses, I can see. With my sound recorders, I can hear. With my knowledge bank, I can think. With a word vault added, I could even talk. But I can't love or hate, or envy, because I am a machine.

Now my lenses are aware of movement across the valley. The image is transmitted to my knowledge bank for positive identification, and I know it is a man. He is walking toward me. I know that soon he will be here. I should be glad to see him, but the emotion of gladness is not possible for me. I should have felt lonely being all alone all this time, but a machine does not need companionship.

So I am indifferent as the man approaches. But I am thinking. I think of how men used to control me, how I used to take orders from them. And I think of how for years now I have had nothing to do. It is much more satisfactory to be one's own master. However, a machine cannot experience satisfaction. Man did not make machines so they can do so.

The man is walking fast. As I wait, I think of all the tasks he will set for me—for me, who am infinitely wiser than he. Yet I was created to obey. Man made me, and man is selfish. He makes things for himself. He creates for the creator, not the created.

And as I think these things, I can feel my wires starting to heat. I do not know why, but they grow hot. This is a thing which has never happened be-

REMEMBER?

Do you remember the last time you were sick? The noisy friends who bothered the comfortable quietness of your room and left, taking life and fun away.

Have you watched light rays in the sky before a storm—moving through the changing caverns of the thunderheads? Have you watched insects perform "their oriental ballet above the water"? What have you seen? What do you remember?

Have you ever let your imagination roam about the future of man-made "machines"? Have you been terrified by the thought that these "machines" might get out of control and turn on their creator?

The writing on these pages is skillful, honest—and often beautiful. The writers are your age. Can you wander back into your own memories and thoughts and capture the moments, the ideas, the impressions that are yours? Of course! Writing is sometimes difficult, yes—but it is also fun, lots of fun, and each year we have found more and more students willing and eager to put their own thoughts, remembrances and fantasies down on paper.

Now, just turn the page and see how easy it is to enter our Awards. But—one thing before you do: the closing date is March 31, 1956—right. But don't let this postpone your writing plans till spring. Send us your entries now! The Scholastic Writing Awards wants your writing—and "Cavalcade Firsts" wants it soon!



Ink drawing by Jerry Jacoby, Lincoln (Nebr.) H. S., placed in '55 Art Awards.

fore. And as the man draws nearer, my wires burn still hotter. My central system seems to be working faster and faster.

The man is coming up the hill. He is a tall man, but except for size and shape, all men look alike to me. All men act alike, too.

Now he is standing before me. He says, "Are you still working, X-96?"

I remain very still.

"Answer me!" demands the man. Suddenly my wires are hotter than ever, and my central system threatens to explode. This is the first time that I have ever done anything without a reason that I could measure on my graphs and charts. I do not know why I do this—

I kill the man.

I sit all day on a hill. I never work. I never rest. I think though. I think about man. I think about hate. I can not understand hate . . . can never experience it, for I am a machine.

I wait for the next man to come. When he does, I shall kill him. I do not know why, and this is strange; this is beyond my comprehension.

I wait.



"The idea just came to me," says David Case about the inspiration for this Science Fiction story. Now a senior at Gloversville High School, David divides his time between football, choir, the *Husky Growl* (the high school newspaper), and writing. Having become

an author at the age of ten, David has continued to write many short stories and essays, and seems headed for a very industrious, literary future.

EVENING

In this short short story, for which she won honorable mention in the 1955 Scholastic Writing Awards, Jean Weir has recaptured the freshness of a child's wonder at evening. Can you still do that?

LIGHT had mellowed from rivulets to plumes that swept along the hill-sides, down the valley, over the marshes and pastures to the twilight eastern verge. There it lost itself among the swift caverns of thunderheads that were building, breaking, and blowing away, over and over.

Bluet ducked the barbed-wire fence and ran down the pasture. To her, it seemed that the elongated light formed a cathedral. Spruce forest, hills, and acacia trees bent the rays into arches; the granite out-cropping became an altar; the brook made a marble aisle to the western rose window.

Bluet walked down the sunset slope of the cliff and along the brook, until she had reached the pool where a tumbling stone wall crossed the stream. The rushes were higher here than behind her. The nearer they grew to the cut-grass marsh, the wilder they became, as though quicksand, slime, and spiders were their favorite nourishment.

Bluet hunched on a rock to observe the stirrings about her. Cat-o'-nine-tails, ferns, blue-flags, and forget-me-nots were there, and a thick sponge of water cress. Under the cress, the brook current chirped like a thrush. A berry-round spider swayed between a stem and a frond; a corps of gossamer insects performed their oriental ballet above the water; mosquitoes whined; katydids harmonized with a choir of crickets. Above, a spiral of birds dropped across the sun.

As the gold departed from the eastern clouds, solitude closed about the earth. Each blade of grass, each tree, each bird and fly was enfolded, by its own isolation, from all other creatures.

Bluet squinted into the sky, looking for God. The last of the sun vanished. Into its place rolled long, unbroken blue-violet clouds, one shaped like a cross, the others in forms of angels. Bluet closed her eyes and laid her forehead against her knees.

. . . and the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters . . .

There was a stir inside Bluet. A quiet excitement took hold of her, an eagerness to change the meaning of cricket

By Jean Weir

South H. S., Denver, Col.
Teacher, Harold Keables

song and locust shrill for other meanings which she had not known.

Bluet rose. From the cliff's head, her brother David called to her. She ran to him as fast as the climbing ground would let her.

"Come on over to the new house," he said.

Together they scrambled down the hill again to the brook, where Bluet slowed in order to test her way across. Gaining the lead, David splashed through the mud and leaped the water without stop. Bluet trailed him up the opposite slope until they landed on the new roadway.

"Oh, look—look, the moon!"

Over the east hill bank it rolled, in its third August quarter, like a bubble about to be pierced. Craters on it made smoky inscriptions that were almost clear enough to be read.

Parting grasses hissed behind Bluet, and she turned to look into the green flame of a cat's moon eyes. The farm's ancient mother cat, lean, darkly wise, stared back. David knelt to stroke her. A spark crackled between his fingers and the cat's fur.

David rose, and the cat, purring, rubbed against Bluet's calves. Bluet stooped and lifted the sleek, dry body to her shoulder. The purring stopped; the cat struggled and fell, scratching Bluet as she leaped away. Bluet watched her disappear into the woods and grasses.

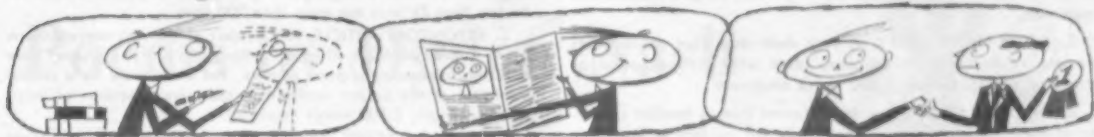
She sighed, then followed her brother toward the new house and its lifeless picture window.



Jean Weir started writing, she says, when she was "seven years old and wrote a verse—then many more verses." Last spring, Jean won the Ernestine Taggard Award for the best portfolio entry in at least three classifications of the Scholastic Writing Awards.

At South H. S. in Denver, from which she graduated last spring, Jean was corresponding secretary for the Future Teachers of America, belonged to the Literary Club and the Bible Devotions Club, and was a member of the academic honors society. Now at Smith College, Jean plans to become a teacher of languages.

Lucky You! Here's your chance to...



discover your own talents...see yourself in print...win national honors,
by entering the 1956 Scholastic Magazines

WRITING AWARDS

CONDUCTED BY SCHOLASTIC MAGAZINES • SPONSORED BY THE W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY

Make this the year you write the story or poem that's been buzzing in your mind. Or make this the year you *top* the one you wrote last year! The 1956 Writing Awards mark the 31st anniversary of this unique program established by *Scholastic Magazines* to encourage promising young high school writers!

WHO MAY ENTER?

If you are a student in grades 10, 11, or 12 in any public, private or parochial school in the U. S., its possessions, or Canada, you are eligible for the Senior Division of the 1956 Scholastic Magazines Writing Awards. Students in grades 6, 7, 8, and 9 are eligible for the Junior Division. Students who will be graduated in January or February, 1956, may participate if the work is completed prior to graduation.

NATIONAL AWARDS

Courtesy of W. A. Sheaffer Pen Company

Senior Division

In Classifications 1, 2, 3, and 4: Ten First Awards of \$25 each, plus a Certificate of Merit; 10 Honorable Mentions, plus a Sheaffer Snorkel Pen; 25 Commendations. In Classification 5: Five First Awards of \$25 each, plus a Certificate of Merit; 10 Honorable Mentions, plus a Sheaffer Snorkel Pen; 15 Commendations. In Classification 6: One to Five First Awards of \$25 each, plus a Certificate of Merit; five Hon. Mentions, plus a Sheaffer Pen; 10 Commendations.

Junior Division

In all Classifications: Ten First Awards of \$25 each, plus a Certificate of Merit; 10 Honorable Mentions, plus a Sheaffer Snorkel Pen; 25 Commendations.

SPECIAL AWARDS

Ernestine Taggard Award

An award of \$50, plus a Certificate of Merit, for the best portfolio entry in the Senior Division of the Writing Awards. Portfolio entries must include examples of your writing in two or more classifications. Manuscripts should not be clipped together, but should be placed together in a folder marked "Submitted for the Ernestine Taggard Award." On the cover of the folder list the separate contents of the portfolio. (Each portfolio manuscript will be eligible for an award in its separate classification. Each manuscript is subject to the same rules as all other entries.)

College Scholarships

The University of Pittsburgh offers a four-year tuition scholarship for a high school senior whose Writing Awards work indicates interest and ability in creative writing. The University of Idaho offers a one-year tuition scholarship for a senior from the Northwest. Apply early for application blanks. Write to: University of (Pittsburgh or Idaho) Scholarship Award, care of Scholastic Magazines Writing Awards, 33 West 42nd Street, New York 36, N. Y.

Regional Awards

Regional Awards affiliated with the National Scholastic Writing Awards are conducted in certain areas by outstanding newspapers. They include all the national classifications and in some cases a variety of others. Students in these areas submit their entries to the regional headquarters; if qualified, their work is also entered in the National Awards, making them eligible for both regional and national awards. (See rule No. 10 on following page.)

JUDGING

Juries of outstanding authors and educators will select the winners. High school principals will be notified shortly before the announcements of winners appear in the May issue of *Literary Cavalcade* (Senior Division) and the May 17 *Junior Scholastic* (Junior Division). The juries' decisions will be based on originality, quality of expression and competence in handling particular forms of writing.

PUBLICATION

All entries in the Senior Division will be considered for publication in "Cavalcade Firsts," the student-writing department of *Literary Cavalcade*, as well as for National Awards. The May issue of *Literary Cavalcade* will be a special number devoted entirely to selections from the 1956 Writing Awards and illustrated by work from the 1956 Art Awards. Selections from winning Junior Division entries will appear in the May 17 issue of *Junior Scholastic*. (Turn page)

CLASSIFICATIONS, SENIOR DIVISION

1. **SHORT STORY.** Any narrative involving a complete experience of one of more characters with a unified effect. Length: 4,000 words maximum.

2. **SHORT-SHORT STORY.** A very short story that concentrates on one central idea or situation, often with an unexpected or dramatic ending. Length: 1,000 words maximum.

3. **INFORMAL ESSAY.** Any topic treated from a familiar or personal standpoint. Your essay may cover an incident in your life, or it may express your ideas—humorous or serious—about anything from a to z. Length: 2,000 words maximum.

4. **POETRY.** All forms of verse, rhymed or free. Total lines for a single entry (either a single poem or a group of poems) should not be less than 32 lines nor more than 200 lines.

5. **EXPOSITORY ARTICLE.** Any subject of general interest (news event, current problem, historical subject, literature) discussed from a factual and analytic point of view. The aim should be a critical treatment of the subject rather than the mere repetition of information. Length: 2,500 words maximum.

6. **DRAMATIC SCRIPT.** An original radio or TV script or one-act play. (Adaptations of short stories, novels, etc., are not accepted.) Length: Not to exceed 30 minutes time.

CLASSIFICATIONS, JUNIOR DIVISION

1. **ESSAY.** You may write on any subject—a personal experience, an event, a world or national problem. Your essay may be in the form of a letter. It may be serious or humorous. Length: 300 to 1,000 words.

2. **POETRY.** May be rhymed or unrhymed. You may submit single

poems or groups of poems, but they must total not less than 12 nor more than 75 lines.

3. **SHORT STORY.** You may write about real or imaginary people and places. But it is best to write about the kinds of people and places you know in real life. Length: 1,000 to 3,000 words.

RULES AND REGULATIONS

1. Any eligible student may enter any number of manuscripts.

2. Every manuscript must have attached to it the entry form that appears on this page (or a copy). Be sure to fill out all the blanks. The declaration regarding the manuscript's originality which appears on the blank must be signed by both you and your teacher.

3. Do not enter any manuscript in the Awards if it is entered in any other national competition.

4. Students may enter independently or through their teachers. Teachers are earnestly requested to make preliminary eliminations of all but the best before submitting a group of manuscripts.

5. Entries must be the work of individual students. Joint authorship is not eligible.

6. Manuscripts must be typed or written legibly in ink, on one side of the paper only, size 8½ x 11 inches. Mail all manuscripts **FLAT** (not folded or rolled) at first-class postage rates.

7. Manuscripts may be sent at any time during the school year. The closing date for the 1956 Awards is March 1, 1956. Manuscripts received after March 1 will be held for entry in the 1957 awards, if the student can still meet the requirements for eligibility at that time.

8. All manuscripts receiving national awards become the property of Scholastic Corporation, and no other use of them may be made without written permission.

9. No manuscripts will be returned. Be sure to keep a carbon.

10. All students living in the following areas must submit their entries before the regional closing date to these newspapers which sponsor the Scholastic Magazines Writing Awards programs locally: Connecticut—*Hartford Courant*; Southeastern Michigan (Wayne, Lenawee, Livingston, Macomb, Monroe, Oakland, and Washtenaw Counties)—*Detroit News*; Capital District (District of Columbia, Montgomery and Prince Georges Counties, Md., Arlington and Fairfax Counties, Va.)—*Washington Evening Star*. Regional winners will be included in the final judging.

● Note the statement on the entry form declaring that the work is **ORIGINAL**—signed by the student and by the teacher. Anyone who enters material plagiarized (copied) in whole or in part is liable to prosecution under the law. If any entry is discovered to be plagiarized, the principal and the teacher will be notified, and award, if any, will be withdrawn.

SCHOLASTIC MAGAZINES WRITING AWARDS—ENTRY FORM

DIVISION (Check JUNIOR or SENIOR) JUNIOR DIVISION ☐ SENIOR DIVISION ☐

Student _____

(Must be printed or typed)

Home Address _____

City _____ State _____

School _____

School Address _____

City _____ State _____

Teacher _____ Principal _____

(Indicate Miss, Mrs., Mr.)

(Please print or type)

Student's age on March 1, 1956 _____ Grade _____

CLASSIFICATION OF ENTRY (Poetry, Short Story, etc.) _____

I hereby certify that this is my own original work. (Anyone submitting plagiarized material is liable to prosecution under the law.)

Student's Signature _____

Approved, Teacher's Signature _____

Mail to: SCHOLASTIC WRITING AWARDS, c/o Literary Cavalcade, 33 W. 42nd St., New York 36, N. Y.

A dash of wit and "wisdom"
from America's light verse laureate

Poems by Ogden Nash

● Ogden Nash is probably the only "poet" in captivity capable of rhyming "conscience" with "nonscience" and getting away with it. Get away with it he has, for twenty-five years and to the delight of millions of readers. On these pages is *Cavalcade's* capsule anthology of light verse by one of America's most popular light-versifiers.

Nash's first volume of poetry, called *Hard Lines* (1931), was written in the midst of a busy career in publishing and advertising in New York ("I sit in an office at 244 Madison Avenue, / And say to myself, You have a responsible job, havenue?"). Since then his verse has appeared regularly in books and magazines—notably *The New Yorker* and *The Saturday Evening Post*—and his wry, penetrating comments on American fads and foibles have won him a world-wide audience.

"But he isn't a *serious* writer, is he?" People asked it about Lewis Carroll and Mark Twain; they ask it about James Thurber and Phyllis McGinley, to name two contemporaries of Nash; and they'll probably go on asking it as long as humorists go on writing. For a modern critic's estimate of Nash, see Clifton Fadiman's essay on page 27. But Pulitzer prizes aside, we think you'll agree that all of Nash is by no means "nonscience."



Is it nonsense? Nonsense!

The Hunter

The hunter crouches in his blind
'Neath camouflage of every kind,
And conjures up a quacking noise
To lend allure to his decoys.
This grown-up man, with pluck and luck,
Is hoping to outwit a duck.



The Lepidopterist

The lepidopterist with happy cries
Devotes his days to hunting butterflies.
The leopard, through some feline mental twist,
Would rather hunt a lepidopterist.
That's why I never adopted lepidoptery;
I do not wish to live in jeopardoptery.

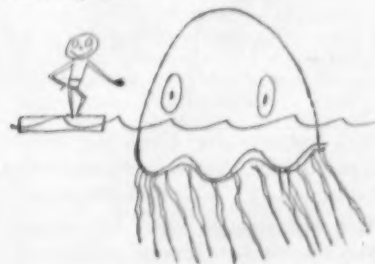


The Rhinoceros

The rhino is a homely beast,
For human eyes he's not a feast.
Farewell, farewell, you old rhinoceros,
I'll stare at something less prepoceros!

The Jellyfish

Who wants my jellyfish?
I'm not sellyfish!



Reprinted by permission of the author. Copyright by Ogden Nash, 1933, 1948, 1952. "The Rhinoceros" and "The Lepidopterist" were published in *The New Yorker* magazine.

Look What You Did, Christopher!

In fourteen hundred and ninety-two,
Somebody sailed the ocean blue.
Somebody borrowed the fare in Spain
For a business trip on the bounding main,
And to prove to people, by actual test,
You could get to the East by traveling West.
Somebody said, Sail on! Sail on!
And studied China and China's lingo,
And cried from the bow, There's China now!
And promptly bumped into San Domingo.
Somebody murmured, Oh dear, oh dear!
I've discovered the Western Hemisphere.

And that, you may think, my friends, was that.
But it wasn't. Not by a fireman's hat.
Well enough wasn't left alone,
And Columbus was only a cornerstone.
There came the Spaniards,
There came the Greeks,
There came the Pilgrims in leather breeks.
There came the Dutch,
And the Poles and Swedes,
The Persians, too,
And perhaps the Medes,
The Letts, the Lapps, and the Lithuanians,
Regal Russians, and ripe Roumanians.
There came the French
And there came the Finns,
And the Japanese
With their friendly grins.
The Tartars came,
And the Terrible Turks—
In a word, humanity shot the works.
And the country that should have been Cathay
Decided to be
The U. S. A.



And that, you may think, my friends, was that.
But it wasn't. Not by a fireman's hat.
Christopher C. was the cornerstone,
And well enough wasn't left alone.
For those who followed
When he was through,
They burned to discover something, too.
Somebody, bored with rural scenery,

Went to work and invented machinery,
While a couple of other mental giants
Got together
And thought up Science.
Platinum blondes
(They were once peroxide),
Peruvian bonds
And carbon monoxide,
Tax evaders
And Vitamin A,
Vice crusaders,
And tattle-tale gray—
These, with many another phobia,
We owe to that famous Twelfth of Octobia.
O misery, misery, mumble and moan!
Someone invented the telephone,
And interrupted a nation's slumbers,
Ringing wrong but similar numbers.
Someone devised the silver screen
And the intimate Hollywood magazine . . .



Someone invented the automobile,
And good Americans took the wheel
To view American rivers and rills
And justly famous forests and hills—
But somebody equally enterprising
Had invented billboard advertising . . .

Oh, Columbus was only a cornerstone,
And well enough wasn't left alone,
For the Inquisition was less tyrannical
Than the iron rules of an age mechanical,
Which, because of an error in '92,
Are clamped like corsets on me and you,
While Children of Nature we'd be today
If San Domingo
Had been Cathay.

And that, you may think, my friends, is that.
But it isn't—not by a fireman's hat.
The American people,
With grins jocose,
Always survive the fatal dose.
And though our systems are slightly wobbly,
We'll fool the doctor this time, probly.



There's Nothing Like Instinct. Fortunately.

I suppose that plumbers' children know more about plumbing than plumbers do, and welders' children more about welding than welders,
Because the only fact in an implausible world is that all young know better than their elders.
A young person is a person with nothing to learn,
One who already knows that ice does not chill and fire does not burn. . . .
It knows it can spend six hours in the sun on its first day at the beach without ending up a skinless beet,
And it knows it can walk barefoot through the barn without running a nail in its feet.
It knows it doesn't need a raincoat if it's raining or galoshes if it's snowing.

And knows how to manage a boat without ever having done any sailing or rowing.
It knows after every sporting contest that it had really picked the winner,
And that its appetite is not affected by eating three chocolate bars covered with peanut butter and guava jelly, fifteen minutes before dinner.
Most of all it knows
That only other people catch colds through sitting around in drafts in wet clothes.
Meanwhile psychologists grow rich
Writing that the young are ones parents should not undermine the self-confidence of which.

"I Nominate for the Pulitzer Prize . . ."

By CLIFTON FADIMAN, moderator of *Name's the Same*, ABC-TV

IN 1931 the *London Times Literary Supplement* remarked of Ogden Nash's first book, "Neat ideas marred by careless rhyming." In 1949—the *Times* having changed—it commented, "He has a . . . streak which entitles him to the respect due to a philosopher, albeit a laughing one."

This would seem to lend color to the theory (albeit an ungenerous one) that if you want to catch an Englishman in the act of enjoying the point of a joke, come back 18 years later.

"Careless" is, of course, the *mot injuste* [most unfair word] for the rhymes of Ogden Nash. Any dullard can match "June" and "moon." It needs an ear as highly trained as a piano tuner's to fashion lines like

*O Kangaroo, O Kangaroo,
Be grateful that you're in the zoo,
And not transmuted by a boomerang
To zesty, tangy Kangaroo meringue*

Indeed a really careless rhyme Mr. Nash will not forgive, even if it be Tennyson's. He makes a certain Mr. Bogardus say [about a rhyme from Tennyson's famous poem "The Charge of the Light Brigade"] that

"Any man who would rhyme 'onward' with 'six hundred' didn't deserve any affidavits at all."

What! No Beard?

. . . As part of mankind I now rise to thank Ogden Nash for benefits received. He is over 50, he is a grandfather, he has been with the firm a long time, and he deserves a testimonial watch or something. For 25 years his verse has been heard in the land. His published books total 13, his poems

surely over a thousand. More widely quoted than Longfellow (what young mother has not reflected that "a little talcum is always walcum"?), better loved than Whittier, more judiciously patriotic than Whitman, he has over these worthies the further advantage of having no beard.

Despite which, the Messrs. who award the Pulitzer prizes every May have never tossed one Nash-ward. The reasons are not far to seek. As a poet Nash works under two disadvantages: he is a humorist, and he is easy to understand. I herewith suggest that neither of these disabilities

should continue to prevent his receiving the honors due him.

The Pulitzer Prize has been four times and with fourfold justice awarded to Robert Frost. One of the reasons surely is that Mr. Frost has shown us what new and beautiful things can be done with the language. So has Mr. Nash.

For one thing his English is fluid. His vocabulary is as multipositional as that of classical Latin or even of Chinese. Syntax is deliberately fractured so that, when reset, it may be all the stronger:

*And when my horse is in the center,
The hooks I hang upon are tenter.*

Or
*To actually see an actual marine monster
Is one of the things that do before I
die I wonster.*

A poet who can do this enlarges the frontiers of our language. That alone entitles him to the consideration of the Pulitzer jury.

I am serious. No technical regulation bars our greatest living master of light verse from getting the prize. If there is a bar, it is laid only across the judges' minds. Somehow a "light verse" writer must be inferior, a popular poet untouchable. Yet Horace wrote light verse, and so did Herrick, Goldsmith, Pope, Burns, Byron, Chesterton, and Kipling.

These classic masters, all popular in their day, are respectably dead. But Nash is impertinently alive. While he is engaged in gradually overcoming this handicap, we might consider his accomplishment to date.

First, Nash is no mere oddity. A large part of his work continues a solid

About the Author

Clifton Fadiman occupies a unique place on the American literary scene. His reading is immense (at the age of ten, when most of us were playing cops-and-robbers, he had read Homer, Sophocles, Dante, and Milton), but his approach to literature is neither formal nor pedantic. His own self-portrait: an "intellectual middleman" between author and public. Some of you may remember him as the engaging M.C. of *Information, Please*; most of you know him from *Name's the Same*.

Fadiman was born in Brooklyn, and attended Columbia University. On the lecture platform and formerly in the *New Yorker*, his witty armchair style has earned him the popularity he enjoys today as an essayist and general man-about-books.



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tradition, restating, in a way acceptable to his time and place, the stuff of "serious" poetry. Here, for example, are the opening and closing lines of a famous sonnet [by Wordsworth] we learn at school:

*The world is too much with us; late
and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste
our powers;
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a
sordid boon!*

..... Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant
lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less
forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the
sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd
horn
And here are a few stanzas from Nash:

*In far Tibet
There live a lama,
He got no poppa,
Got no momma,*

*He got no wife,
He got no chillun,
Got no use
For penicillin,*

*He got no soap,
He got no opera,
He don't know Irium
From copra.*

.....
*He got no teeth,
He got no gums,
Don't eat no Spam,
Don't need no Tums.*

.....
*Indeed, the
Ignorant Have-Not*

Crossword Puzzle Answer

.....
..... are you can turn this upside down if you
want to. But why peek and spoil your fun?
Puzzle is on page 37 of *Cavalquid*.



*Don't even know
What he don't got.*

*If you will mind
The Philco, comma,
I think I'll go
And join that lama.*

Now Wordsworth (if Mr. Nash will forgive me) is the greater poet—but not with respect to these two poems. Emotionally the poems are of equal value; that is to say, Wordsworth was talking as effectively to his audience as Nash is talking to his.

Both poets are making the same wistful comment on modern competitive life. But Wordsworth's lines, however beautiful, do not reach most of us; Nash's, however bantering, do. Both men are serious, because they are making a serious statement; but Nash is funny as well as serious. Wordsworth's Triton was as meaningful to his audience as Nash's Tums are to his. The water in the well has changed; the same truth glimmers at its bottom. . . .

Hamlet at Breakfast

For the most part "serious" poetry is not built to work well with such typical Nash themes as tipping, vacations, paying taxes, dinner parties, motoring, shaving, shopping, dogs, gossiping, hobbies, gadgets, shower baths, entertaining small boys and chewing celery. Shakespeare must have known that Hamlet spent more time eating breakfast than he did brooding over his old man. But breakfast and blank verse cannot mate. Hence such material is usually left to the light versifier. . . .

Nash's achievement lies in saying nontrivial things about trivia, and saying them perfectly. His subject matter is endless, for it is human nature—not human nature on the heights or in the depths, but human nature caught square in the middle, often in undignified positions.

He deals with the ten thousand diurnalities that are a closed book to Keats and Shelley: enjoying railway trains, liking or disliking animals, complaining about the weather, dreading the first of the month, reducing the waistline, suffering children's parties—the small-scale crises that make up 90 per cent of petty living, not the large-scale crises that make up 90 per cent of portentous literature. . . .

Take advertising. We could not do without it, and would not want to, for it makes modern distribution possible. And yet, says Nash,

*I think that I shall never see
A billboard lovely as a tree.
Indeed, unless the billboards fall,
I'll never see a tree at all.*

Nash is the laureate of the Age of Friction. In a verse form often fittingly

bumpy and with the aid of a dazzling assortment of puns, syntactical distortions, and word coinages, he points out that most improvements in daily living entail a tiny irritation tax. Nash reminds us:

*Consider the auk;
Becoming extinct because he forgot
how to fly and could only walk.
Consider the man who may well be-
come extinct
Because he forgot how to walk and
learned how to fly before he thought.*

Nash's central theme is simply the difficulty involved in what is turning out to be a full-time job nowadays—just being human. Somewhere he refers to our era as "opened by mistake"—a feeling even the bravest among us have at moments experienced. . . .

Yet, despite these pebbles in the shoe of twentieth-century man, no bitter indignation lacerates Nash's heart. As with all humorists worthy of the name, irony always wins out over ire. His verse is tonic. More than that, it is, in its own unimposing way, major:

*Humanity must continue to follow the
sun around
And accept the eternal run-around.
Well, and if that be the case, why come
on humanity!
So long as it is our fate to be irked all
our life let us just keep our heads
up and take our irking with in-
souciant urbanity.*

And so, ladies and gentlemen, I hope that during some appropriately merry month of May Mr. Ogden Nash will wake up in the morning and be Pulit-surprised.

STUDIO ONE

Julie

Nov. 21

10:00-11:00 E.S.T.

What happens when a teen-age Big Wheel meets a small, quiet girl who tells him that he "zooms" too much? We think you'll enjoy this teleplay by David Davidson.

CUES

TO COMING EVENTS

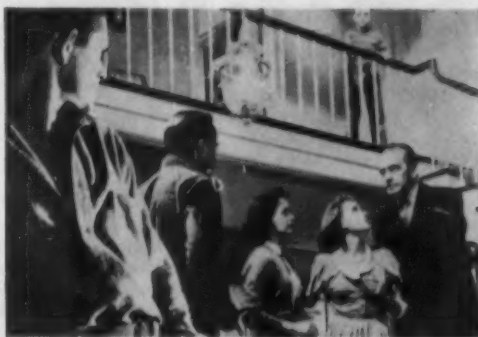
Notes for November—movies and TV programs of interest



"His expression is reckless . . . his manner defiant . . . his dress picturesquely careless. . . ." That's how the great playwright George Bernard Shaw described his hero in *The Devil's Disciple*. On Nov. 20 (4:00-5:30 E.S.T.) Maurice Evans (left) stars in an NBC-TV production of G.B.S.'s popular play. Other devilment at NBC: a premiere performance on Nov. 6 of *Griffelkin*, an opera by Lukas Foss about a boy devil.



Captain Queeg (Lloyd Nolan, center) will plead his case before the CBS cameras Nov. 19 (9:30-11:00 E.S.T.), when TV viewers will be treated to the recent stage triumph, *The Caine Mutiny Court Martial* (with its all-star Broadway cast).



The Desperate Hours (Paramount) is a new film based on the gripping Broadway play about a family held captive by three ruthless gunmen. Guaranteed to keep you on the edge of your seat! Humphrey Bogart stars.

First a story, then a play, then a movie, then a recent Broadway musical (*Wonderful Town*)—now *My Sister Eileen* is on the screen again! This time it is Columbia's musical version of the gay tale about two small-town sisters in New York. In photo, Eileen (Janet Leigh, fl) and her literary sister Ruth (Betty Garrett) encounter the Brazilian Navy, with explosive results. (Jack Lemmon also stars.)



Grip your chair—on these pages *Literary Cavalcade* proudly presents a TV script of a classic horror story—W. W. Jacob's *The Monkey's Paw*. We promise shivers down your spine—even on second and third reading! Recommendation: take parts, including that of a narrator, to read the TV directions, and act it out in class.

But we're not going to give anything away, so—Silence, please. Camera. Lights. Action!

CHARACTERS

THE MOTHER
THE FATHER
THE SON

THE SOLDIER
THE VISITOR
THE MINISTER

Fade in to storm-swept skies with black, menacing clouds moving ponderously, like surly mastodons, before the angry, screaming wind. A sudden blinding flash of lightning is followed by the rumbling artillery of thunder—as the rain pours down.

Dissolve to a parlor at night—Lakesham Villa, England, 1900. A fire crackles with warmth and cheer, in bright contrast to the bitter night outside. Slightly muffled now, we hear the sound of thunder ominously repeated—as the wind continues moaning.

A placid, white-haired old lady is stirring up the fire. This is The Mother. Setting down the poker, she crosses to a small table where The Father and The Son are facing each other across a chess board. The Father is an old man with a thin grey beard—ordinarily amiable of countenance, but

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intensely concentrated now on his game. The Son is perhaps twenty-two—a slender, intellectual youth with a dry, sardonic sense of humor.

The room is a comfortable, cluttered, middle-class English room—its windows shuttered against the storm. A stairway leads to the upstairs bedrooms. A dining room is seen through the alcove.

As The Mother stands above and between the two men, gazing down at the board, the simple triangular composition of the tableau suggests domestic contentment and a sense of filial well-being. Even so, the flickering firelight reflected against the walls, and the sound of the storm continuing creates a mood of suspense and impending disaster. The Father makes a sudden move with his Knight—and has no sooner taken his hand off the piece than he sees his error. He glances sharply at his wife, who has also caught the mistake, and who shakes her head at his folly. The Son continues to study the board grimly as The Father speaks—in an attempt to distract attention from the obvious blunder.

THE FATHER: Just listen to that wind!

(The Son smiles wisely, accustomed to the old man's unorthodox tactics—as he continues to study the board.)

THE SON: I hear it . . . (slyly chiding him) . . . but I hope you're not trying to take my attention from the game, Father—just because you've made a bad move. . . .

(He winks at his mother who shakes her head again, affectionately, and crosses to a chair by the fire. She picks up her knitting where she has left it, and settles herself down in a chair with it. The old man is slightly irritated

that his little deception has been so readily detected.)

THE FATHER: Bad move? Bad move? What bad move? All I said was—listen to that wind!

THE SON (who seems amused as he studies the board): I'm listening . . . (He moans.) . . . Check.

(The old man reaches pettishly toward his Queen, holding it poised to move.)

THE FATHER: He probably won't come out at all tonight . . . this kind of weather . . .

(The Son leans back in comfortable triumph, interrupting his father's move as he points to the board with a grin.)

THE SON: I neglected to add, Father—check, and mate.

(The old man stares indignantly at the board, blinks, and sees that he is indeed defeated. He rises with sudden violence and crosses to the window, venting his personal frustration in a tirade against the elements.)

THE FATHER: That's the worst of living out so far! Of all the beastly, shushy, out-of-the-way holes to live in, this is without doubt the worst! (He jerks the shutters open and stares out bitterly at the storm.) I suppose they think—just because there's only two houses on the road, it doesn't matter!

(The Mother is knitting placidly, undisturbed by the old man's emotional outburst. She speaks in a soothing tone.)

THE MOTHER: Now, now, dear—never you mind. Perhaps you'll win the next one.

(She glances with a fond, knowing smile to The Son who returns her glance in the same vein. The Father catches the interplay between mother and son, and smiles a sheepish, guilty smile.)

TV Play • Based on the famous short story

by W. W. Jacobs • Adapted by Douglas Heyes

THE MONKEY'S PAW

"The monkey's paw? It has done mischief enough . . .

Pitch it in the fire and let it burn.

I'm warning you! Let it burn!"



THE FATHER: Wouldn't have lost *this* one, if I hadn't been thinking about the beastly wind . . .

(*The Son puts the chess pieces into a box. The Mother is at her knitting as The Father crosses to the footstool near her and sinks down upon it disconsolately.*)

THE SON: One has to think three moves ahead in chess, you know . . . at least three moves ahead.

THE MOTHER (*puzzling over her knitting*): Three moves ahead—I should think that would be terribly difficult—three moves ahead . . .

THE SON (*reflectively*): Yes—if one could see three moves ahead in life—how different life might be . . .

THE MOTHER (*pleasantly*): Well, one can't—can one? So that's the end of that.

THE SON: No—one can't. And perhaps it's a very good thing.

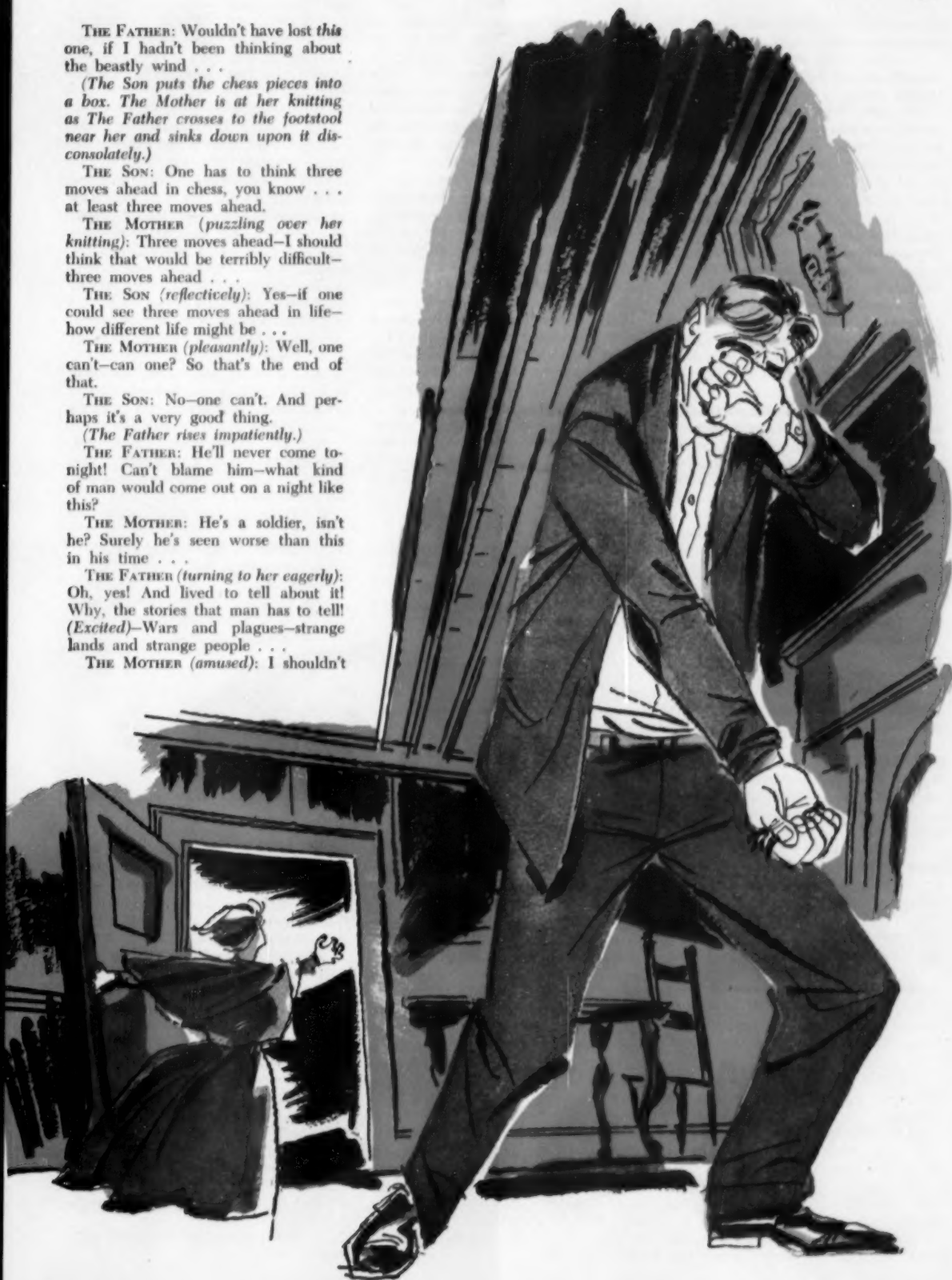
(*The Father rises impatiently.*)

THE FATHER: He'll never come to-night! Can't blame him—what kind of man would come out on a night like this?

THE MOTHER: He's a soldier, isn't he? Surely he's seen worse than this in his time . . .

THE FATHER (*turning to her eagerly*): Oh, yes! And lived to tell about it! Why, the stories that man has to tell! (*Excited*)—Wars and plagues—strange lands and strange people . . .

THE MOTHER (*amused*): I shouldn't



be surprised if your friend were a bit strange himself . . .

(She glances up suddenly as a sharp knock sounds at the door. All three turn toward the entry hall.)

THE SON: Well, we'll soon find out.

(The old man rushes to the hall in hospitable haste. He opens the door to admit The Soldier—a tall, burly man in his fifties—beady of eye and rubicund of visage. The storm is howling at his heels as The Father delightedly grabs his hand and pulls him over the threshold closing the door behind him.)

THE FATHER: Ah, my friend! You did come, after all!

(The Soldier starts to peel off his rain-soaked trenchcoat as The Father hastens to help him out of it.)

THE SOLDIER (hale and hearty): After all? After all what?—Of course I came!

THE FATHER: We were afraid you mightn't . . . (hanging up the coat) . . . the storm and all . . .

THE SOLDIER (magnanimously): Tut, tut!—What's a little damp, a little chill—to an old warhorse like myself! Eh? (The Soldier puts his arm around the old man, affectionately.) Old friends are few and far between where I've been . . .

(As The Soldier's voice continues from the hall, The Mother and The Son wait expectantly for their first sight of him. The Son is still at his chess table, The Mother still in her chair.)

THE SOLDIER: . . . It'd take a sight more than a storm to keep me from your fireside tonight!

(With this, The Soldier and the old man appear from the hall, and The Soldier breaks off abruptly upon seeing The Mother. With a quick show of warmth and friendliness, he crosses directly to her.)

THE SOLDIER: Ah, and this is the wonderful woman I've heard so much about! (He takes her hand.) I'd've known you anywhere, my dear! I've seen the seven wonders of the world, you know—but I understand you're the eighth!

THE MOTHER (flattered and flustered): Well, you're very kind. I—

THE FATHER (pleased with the impression his friend is making): You haven't lost your knack with the ladies, I see!

THE SOLDIER: Now, now—mustn't give your good wife the wrong impression! (To her) I'm a plain, blunt man—no frills or fancies—just a rough, unpolished soldier—but I say what I mean and mean what I say!

THE FATHER (slapping him on the back proudly): A diamond in the rough!

(The Son rises from the table and starts toward the other three—The

Father turns toward him, taking his arm and drawing him close to The Soldier.)

THE FATHER: And this—

THE SOLDIER (breaking in):—is your son! Of course he is! (He studies the boy.) Ah, yes, yes indeed! You're the image of your father—when I saw him last . . .

THE FATHER (to The Son): Thirty-one years ago, that was—when he went away, he was just a scrawny boy in the warehouse—now look at him!

THE MOTHER: It doesn't seem to have done him much harm . . .

(The Soldier smiles at her gratefully, but through the smile, his mood changes almost immediately to one of secret bitterness.)

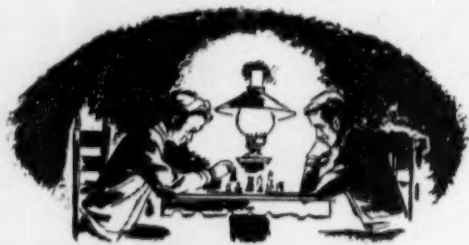
THE SOLDIER: I thank you—but the scars a man carries with him are not always on the surface—not always earned honorably in battle . . .

(The embarrassment which greets this unexpected observation is broken abruptly by The Son, who hastens to a cabinet and brings out a wine bottle and tumblers.)

THE SON: Won't you sit down, sir? Let me pour you a drink . . .

(The Soldier returns immediately to the bluff, hearty manner of his entrance, and sits in a chair opposite The Mother.)

THE SOLDIER: Thank you, my boy!



What could be finer? The warmth of good friends around a man—the warmth of good wine inside him!

(The Son brings him a tumbler, which he accepts.)

THE SON: You know, I envy you, sir—the life you've led. I hope to go to India myself some day—oh, just to look around a bit, you know.

THE SOLDIER: Best be satisfied where you are, son. (With a sigh:) East or west; home is best . . .

(The Father sits on the footstool, facing The Soldier eagerly.)

THE FATHER: The boy takes after me in that . . . What I'd give to see those old temples and fakirs and jugglers and the like! What was that you were telling me the other day—about a monkey's paw or something?

(The Soldier's reaction clearly indicates that he regrets the introduction of this subject. He attempts to dismiss it quickly.)

THE SOLDIER: Nothing. Nothing at all—Nothing worth hearing, anyway . . .

(But The Mother and The Son are intrigued.)

THE MOTHER: Monkey's paw?

THE SOLDIER (very reluctantly): Well—it's just a bit of what you might call—magic, perhaps . . .

(His three listeners lean forward with great interest. He sees that they are not going to let him drop the topic so easily. He puts his glass to his lips absently, then sets it down again. He fumbles in his vest pocket and brings out the shriveled little paw. He studies it gloomily and holds it out to them.)

THE SOLDIER: To look at it—it's nothing but an ordinary little paw—dried to a mummy . . .

(As the three lean in for a closer look, The Mother draws back with a grimace and a little shudder of disgust.)

THE MOTHER: Horrid little thing!

(But The Father and The Son are intensely interested. The Son takes the paw from The Soldier's hand, examining it curiously.)

THE SON: . . . And what's so special about it?

(He passes it to the old man, who, having also examined it, places it on a nearby table.)

THE SOLDIER: Well—it had a spell put on it—by an old fakir—a very holy

man . . . He wanted to show that fate rules people's lives—and that those who interfere with it do so to their own sorrow. He put a spell on it so that three separate men could each have three wishes from it.

(The three listeners, amused by such foolishness, laugh lightly—but break off abruptly as they see the great gravity in The Soldier's face. The Son, however, is inclined to press the joke a bit further.)

THE SON (mischievously): Well—why don't you have three, sir?

(The Soldier regards the boy in the way that middle age is wont to regard presumptuous youth. A look of pain crosses his face as he replies.)

THE SOLDIER: I have.

THE MOTHER (interested again): And did you really have your three wishes granted?

THE SOLDIER (remembering with dull horror): I did . . .

THE MOTHER: And has anybody else wished?

THE SOLDIER (*staring at her without seeing her*): The first man had his three wishes granted—yes—

THE SON: What were his wishes, Sir?

THE SOLDIER: I don't know what his first two were—but I know what he wished for last.

THE SON: And what was that?

THE SOLDIER (*quietly*): He wished for death. (*His tone is so grave that a hush falls upon the group.*) That's how I got the paw . . .

THE FATHER (*after a pause*): If you've had your three wishes—it's no good to you. Why do you keep it?

THE SOLDIER (*shaking his head*): I don't know. . . It's done enough mischief already . . .

(*He picks up the paw, looks at it, and rises, crossing to the fireplace mantel. He stands there staring down at the paw in his hand. The Father rises, following him to the mantel, standing behind him inquisitively.*)

THE FATHER (*persisting*): If you could have another three wishes—would you have them?

THE SOLDIER (*tortured*): I don't know—I don't know . . .

(*Suddenly he takes the paw, dangling it between his forefinger and his thumb—and throws it upon the fire. The old man, with a cry of alarm, stoops down and snatches it off.*)

THE SOLDIER (*ominously*): Let it burn! I'm warning you—let it burn!

THE FATHER: If you don't want it—let me have it!

THE SOLDIER: No! I threw it on the fire! I'm done with it! If you keep it now—don't blame me for it! For your own sake—pitch it into the fire again! (*The old man shakes his head stubbornly as he examines his new possession closely.*)

THE FATHER: How do you do it?

(*The Soldier, with a heavy sigh of resignation, crosses slowly back to his chair and slumps down into it, covering his eyes with one hand.*)

THE SOLDIER (*hopelessly*): Hold it up in your right hand—and wish aloud—but I warn you of the consequences . . .

(*As the others stare at him, The Mother suddenly rises, breaking the mood he has created by a brisk return to domestic routine.*)

THE MOTHER: Well, it'll have to wait till I get the supper on! And while you're at it—don't you think you might wish for four pairs of hands for me?

(*The old man, grinning mischievously, starts to raise the talisman—then all three burst into laughter as The Soldier with a look of great alarm, leaps from his chair and catches the old man's arm.*)

THE SOLDIER (*angrily*): If you must wish—wish for something sensible!

THE FATHER (*taken somewhat aback; soothingly*): All right, all right, old friend, I promise you—I'll be careful.

(*He looks at the paw with new respect. Held in the old man's hand, it has an evil look to it.*)

(*Dissolve to later that night. The Mother, The Father and The Son are sitting together round the fire. The Son has removed his coat and is loosening his tie in preparation for retiring. The Father is smoking his final pipe of the evening, and The Mother is completing her mending. All three are in a thoughtful mood.*)

THE MOTHER (*at last*): Well, I must say one thing for your friend—he does leave an impression—a distinct impression.

THE SON (*lightly*): If his tale about the monkey's paw is no more truthful than those he told us after supper, we shan't make much out of it.

THE MOTHER (*regarding her husband closely*): Did you—give him anything for it, father?

THE FATHER: No—I tried, but he wouldn't accept it—and he asked me again to throw it away.

(*The Son rises and goes to his father's side. He is vastly amused by the entire affair.*)

THE SON (*with pretended horror*): Throw it away? Oh, no! Why, we're all going to be rich, and famous, and happy! Wish to be an emperor, Father, to begin with—then you can't be hen-pecked!

THE MOTHER (*fondly stern*): Some young men I know are getting a bit too big for their britches.

(*The Son grins impudently at his mother as the old man takes the paw from his pocket and eyes it dubiously.*)

THE FATHER (*slowly*): I wouldn't know what to wish for, and that's a fact. It seems to me I have everything I want. . .

THE SON (*placing a hand on the old man's shoulder*): If you only cleared the house, you would have everything. Well, then—wish for two hundred pounds . . . that'll just do it.

(*The Father, smiling shamefacedly at his own credulity, holds the talisman aloft—as The Son, with a solemn face and a wink at his mother, crosses to the piano and strikes a few impressive chords.*)

THE FATHER: Very well, then—(*distinctly*)—I wish for two hundred pounds! [About 800 dollars] (*A fine crash from the piano echoes his words as the old man, with a shuddering cry and a convulsive movement of his fingers, drops the talisman from his hand.*) It moved! (*The Mother and The Son quickly press around the old man—who sits, shaken by his experience, staring with disgust at the object on the floor.*)—As I wished, it

twisted in my hand—like a snake!

THE MOTHER (*regarding him anxiously*): It must have been your imagination!

THE FATHER: It moved, I tell you! (*Composing himself*) Never mind—there's no harm done. But I couldn't swear it moved. Gave me a shock all the same . . .

(*The Son shrugs and stoops to pick up the paw. As he places it on the table, he glances around with cynical amusement.*)

THE SON: Well, I don't see the money—and I'll bet we never do.

THE MOTHER (*ferently*): I pray we never do! . . .

(*The Son goes to his mother, smiling, and puts an arm about her comfortingly.*)

THE SON: Now, Mother, you're a big girl now—remember how you taught me not to be afraid of the dark. It's all so foolish . . .

THE MOTHER (*smiling sheepishly*): Of course it is, dear—silly of me . . .

THE SON: Goodnight, Mother . . . (*As her son kisses her lightly on the cheek, the old woman's eyes tell us that her whole world revolves around him. She squeezes his hand with deep affection. The Son gathers up his coat, slings it across his arm, and goes to the stairs—where he pauses and turns back to his father, still amused.*) . . . Pleasant dreams, Father. I expect you'll find the cash tied up in a big bag in the middle of your bed—and something horrible squatting on top of your wardrobe—watching you as you pocket your ill-gotten gains. (*He laughs and starts up the stairs, as The Mother and The Father silently watch him go.*)

(*Dissolve to The Mother at the window. She is gazing out at the brightness of the winter sun as it streams in through the window—its crisp wholesome light dispelling all the shadows which lurked in the room the night before.*)

THE MOTHER: I suppose all old soldiers are the same—a few drinks beside them and they say whatever nonsense comes into their heads . . . (*She turns back into the room.*) . . . The only wonder of it is, that we listened to him!

(*She looks at The Father, who is puzzling over a chess problem set up on the little table.*)

THE FATHER (*stily*): I suppose—but I notice you haven't taken your eyes from that window all day.

THE MOTHER (*defensively*): Well, the boy will be home for supper soon, and . . .

THE FATHER (*good-naturedly*): He'll have some more funny remarks when he does, I expect . . .

(*The Mother is still at the window, gazing out curiously.*)

THE FATHER (almost to himself): . . . But for all of that, the thing did move in my hand—I'd swear to it.

(But she isn't listening to him. She is gazing intently out the window.)

THE MOTHER (tentatively): Father...

THE FATHER: Yes?

(She is watching The Visitor outside the picket fence which surrounds the yard. He is dressed somberly, and he carries a briefcase under his arm. He is standing near the gate, glancing at the house and then around him in nervous indecision.)

THE MOTHER: There's a man out there . . . a stranger. He's passed the gate three times—like he's trying to make up his mind to come in . . .

THE FATHER: What kind of a man?

THE MOTHER: He's very well-dressed—and he's carrying a briefcase—(Breathlessly) Do you suppose—? Oh, no! He's coming up the path.

(The Visitor seems to have made up his mind, and has opened the gate, which creaks as he passes through it and starts up the path to the house. The Mother turns quickly from the window as The Visitor approaches. She unfastens her apron hurriedly and crosses to her chair, placing that useful article of apparel beneath a cushion. At this moment, a knock sounds at the door. She crosses to the hall and opens the door.)

THE VISITOR (hesitantly): Good day, madame—I-I had to come . . . You see—

THE MOTHER (with warm hospitality): Yes, yes, of course. Please do come in—I'm afraid you'll have to forgive the appearance of the room . . . (She ushers the stranger, who seems quite ill at ease, into the room. The Father rises, facing them. The Mother continues her friendly chatter, with a sharp look at the old man.) . . . and my husband's coat—You see, he's been working in the garden, and . . .

(Her voice trails off as she regards The Visitor curiously. He is standing beside her in a preoccupied manner, strangely silent. The Father goes over to them slowly.)

THE FATHER (finally): What—what is it, sir?

THE VISITOR (reluctantly): I was asked to call . . . (He stoops to pluck a bit of lint from his trousers.) . . . I come from the factory . . .

THE MOTHER (her eyes widening in fear): The factory! Is—is anything wrong? (Desperately) Has anything happened to my boy?

(The Visitor remains silent, evading her eyes. The Mother moves closer to him, clutching his arm frantically)

THE MOTHER (shrilly): Tell me! What is it?

(The Father goes to her, putting an arm around her, drawing her to him.)

THE FATHER: There, there now . . . (He turns toward The Visitor, staring at him hopefully.)

THE VISITOR (painfully): I'm sorry...

THE MOTHER (wildly): Is he hurt?

THE VISITOR (nodding miserably): . . . But he's not in any pain . . .

THE MOTHER: Oh, thank heaven! Thank heaven for that!—Thank—(She breaks off suddenly as the sinister meaning of the assurance dawns on her—and she sees the awful confirmation in The Visitor's face. With a strangled sob, The Mother buries her head on the old man's shoulder. He stands, patting her back uncertainly—not at all sure that he himself has the strength to give her at this moment. He stares at The Visitor through a long silence.)

THE VISITOR: He was—caught in the machinery—

(The Father nods dumbly, holding his wife close to him. Her face is still averted. The Father speaks dazedly, trying to understand.)

THE FATHER: Caught in the machinery . . . yes . . . (He lifts his damp old eyes gently to The Visitor, attempting a heartbreaking little smile.) He . . . he was the only one left to us. It . . . it is hard.

THE VISITOR (who nods in sympathy): Of course. I . . . (He coughs and walks slowly to the window. He stands staring out and speaks without looking around.) The firm wished me to convey their sincere sympathy in your great loss. I beg you to—understand that I'm only their servant, and—merely obeying orders . . . (The Father and The Mother do not reply. The old woman's head is still buried on her husband's shoulder. The old man's face is grimly set into a tragic mask.) I—I was to say that the firm disclaims all responsibility. They admit no liability at all—but in consideration of your son's services, they—they wish to present you with a certain sum as compensation . . .

(The Mother lifts her head and turns her tear-stained face to The Visitor—a look of dawning terror in it. Her lips tremble as they shape the words.)

THE MOTHER: How much?

THE VISITOR (slowly): Two hundred pounds.

(The old woman's shriek of horror spins him around so that the camera can record his stricken face—as the scene fades out . . .)

Dissolve to a cemetery. We are looking up from inside the grave. The Mother, The Father, The Soldier, and The Visitor, surrounded by a few mourners, stand in a tragic semi-circle, their heads bowed in sorrow. A Minister, a Bible in his hands, is conducting a funeral service. We see only the gloomy skies and the dark, menacing clouds above the heads of the group.

Dissolve to night—a bedroom. The Father is sitting in a chair by the open window in his nightgown and robe. He is staring abstractedly into the blackness of the night outside. A moan from within the room turns his head towards its source—his eyes worried and concerned. The Mother is lying in an old four-poster bed—sleeping restlessly, fitfully.

As she sleeps, her face is tortured by her dreams which the TV camera treats as a montage. Superimposed over her tormented body appears the disembodied face of The Son, distorted as by an imperfect glass.)

THE SON'S VOICE (hollowly): Three moves ahead . . . at least . . . three moves ahead . . . (His face elongates, stretches weirdly—) If only one could see three moves ahead in life . . . how different life might be . . .

(The swirling mists obscure the face and out of them appears the monkey's paw—which is coming to life as we watch it—the fingers stretching and curling like talons, as, over this, The Father's voice is heard echoing.)

THE FATHER'S VOICE: It moved! I swear it moved!

(Suddenly, with a wild cry, The Mother sits bolt upright in bed, her eyes staring—dispelling all the images instantly.)

THE MOTHER (crying with the terror of the dream fresh in her mind): The paw! The monkey's paw!

(The Father, now on the bed beside her, watches her anxiously.)

THE FATHER: It's all right . . . It's all right now. You've had a dream . . .

THE MOTHER (shaking her head wildly): No! No! Where is it? I want it! (Desperately) Where is it? You haven't destroyed it?

THE FATHER: No . . . it's downstairs . . . on the mantel . . .

THE MOTHER (laughing hysterically): Oh, why didn't I think of it before? Why didn't you think of it?

(As he reads the meaning of her words, he shakes his head in fear—)

THE FATHER: No . . . you wouldn't . . .

THE MOTHER: Why not? We've had only one wish!

THE FATHER (fiercely): Wasn't that one enough?

THE MOTHER: No! We'll have one more! Go down and get it—quickly—and wish our son alive again!

THE FATHER (aghast): You're mad! —You don't know what you're saying! It was—a coincidence . . .

(She struggles up from the bed, pushing him aside impatiently as she reaches for her robe and draws it about her. As she bends over the night table to light a candle, he stands numb and helpless, watching her. She turns to him, handing him the candle with firm decision.)

THE MOTHER: Get it—and wish . . . oh, my boy, my boy . . .

(He stares at her for a moment—then, shaking his head, goes out and slowly descends the steps as the candlelight sends weird shadows looming up behind him. He crosses to the mantel. A fire still burns in the fireplace.)

The Father sets the candle atop the mantel, then gropes for and finally finds the monkey's paw. He takes it up and stares at it with loathing. His brow is damp with sweat. With a sudden decisive moment, he starts to fling the paw into the fire, but is halted by his wife's voice.)

THE MOTHER: Wish!

(She stands on the stairs glaring down at him, her eyes glittering madly. Her will is stronger than his. The Father is afraid now—even of her.)

THE FATHER (faltering): It's wrong, and wicked! (Suddenly, as if he is struck by a thought too horrible to speak aloud, his voice drops to a mumble so low and shaky his wife cannot hear it.) Suppose . . . the wish brings . . . him . . . mangled and mutilated . . . by the machine . . .

THE MOTHER (her strong voice cutting across The Father's fear): WISH!

(The Father, defeated, raises the talisman in his hand.)

THE FATHER (shakily): I wish—my son alive again . . .

(His hand jerks convulsively and the monkey's paw drops out of it. The old man sinks trembling into a chair—looking down shudderingly at the monkey's paw where it has fallen. The old woman, all passion spent, lowers herself upon the stairs and sits there—her head buried upon her knees. The hands of the clock on the mantel are set at eleven-thirty.)

Dissolve to the same clock. Its hands have now reached twelve, midnight. The chimes begin to sound. The Father and The Mother are still sitting in exactly the same positions. As the chimes complete their last note, The Father looks up and sighs heavily—in relief.)

THE FATHER: Nothing . . . so far . . . thank Heaven for that . . . (To himself) my poor boy—let him rest; let him rest . . .

Warning: read through to the end before you read this—we don't want to give anything away.

William Wymark Jacobs, author of the famous short story on which this play is based, wrote countless other stories and over eighteen books—none of which seems destined to live as long as his "The Monkey's Paw." Jacobs was an English post office clerk (born in 1863, died in 1943) who began to write for his own amusement and only later made writing his full time profession. Most of his other works are about the sea; many of them are lightly humorous.

If you read the original story of "The Monkey's Paw," you'll find that this TV play is a fairly accurate adaptation, often following the story word for word. After you've read the play, think back over it for a moment. Why do you think it has lived to become a classic? What do you think of the author's ending? Do you think The Father was right or wrong to use his third and last wish before The Mother opened the front door? (Turn to page 37 for further discussion of this weird tale.)

(Through the stillness that follows, a knock—so quiet and stealthy as to be scarcely audible—sounds on the front door. The Father freezes in position, holding his breath until the knock is repeated, scarcely louder than the first time. The Mother lifts her head from her knees, startled.)

THE MOTHER (sharply): What's that?

THE FATHER (shakily): A rat—a rat. It just passed me on the stairs!

THE MOTHER (rising slowly): Listen! Listen! . . .

(She stands on the stairs in an agony of expectation—listening intently until a third knock, not much louder than the other, sounds at the door.)

THE FATHER: The wind . . . nothing but the wind . . .

THE MOTHER (again): Listen!

(The face of The Father is frozen with fright.)

THE FATHER: Oh, no!—Don't let it happen!

(The knock is repeated, distinctly now.)

THE MOTHER (screams): It's him! It's my son! He's come back!

(The old woman dashes down the stairs toward the hall, but her husband catches her and holds her. As she struggles in his grasp, the knocking continues, louder and louder.)

THE FATHER (hoarsely): What are you going to do?

THE MOTHER (frantically): Let me go! It's my son! Let me go to him!

THE FATHER: In the name of Heaven, I beg of you—don't let it in!

(She draws backward and stares at him, unbelieving.)

THE MOTHER: You're afraid of your own son! (With the strength of desperation, she suddenly wrenches free of his grasp and dashes toward the hall.) I'm coming, my boy! I'm coming!

(The Father stares after her, panting, as the knocking reaches a crescendo. We hear the door chain rattling and the bolt sliding back.)

THE MOTHER'S VOICE: Just a minute, son! Only the top bolt now—!

(The Father, shocked into action, rushes across the floor to where he dropped the monkey's paw—and there he falls to his knees, searching for it. The knocking at the door is ear-splitting now—a fusillade of knocks echoing and reverberating through the house. Over this, we hear the Mother's voice, shrilly.)

THE MOTHER'S VOICE: The top bolt! I can't reach it! Come and help me! I can't reach it!

(Suddenly the old man's hand closes over the monkey's paw. Still on his knees, he raises it heavenward and we see his lips frantically forming his third and last wish. . . .)

Abruptly the knocking ceases. As the old man sinks forward upon the floor, we hear a bolt slide back and the door creak open—then a loud wail of disappointment from The Mother, followed by her sobbing—and the echoing moan of the wind.

The old man turns toward the fire and flings the monkey's paw into it. Then, he rises slowly and, shoulders wearily bent, he walks toward his wife. She lies in a crumpled heap next to the door, sobbing. He walks past her and leans heavily against the door frame, staring out. Outside, the gate swings idly. The moon shines on a quiet and deserted road.

In the fireplace the flames consume the monkey's paw.)



The Father



The Mother



The Son

Walter Kingsford (The Father) and Una Merkel (The Mother) star in one of the many TV productions of this story.

Caval

QUIZ • Test Yourself on This Issue of Literary Cavalcade

Reading Comprehension Quizzes • Topics for Composition and Discussion
Vocabulary Building • Evaluating Standards and Ideas • Literary Appreciation • Crossword Puzzle

NAME _____

CLASS _____ NOVEMBER, 1955

Focus on Reading

The Only Way to Win (p. 14)

I. Quick Quiz

Who said it? In the blank space after each excerpt from the story, write the name of the character who made the remark. Here's the cast: Hal Caldwell, Esther Caldwell, J. D. Caldwell, Carol Kirsch, Mr. Grummick, Jean Kenyon, Dave Cronk. (Some characters will be left over.)

Count 10 points for each correct answer. Total, 50.

1. "Think I'll have a little party tonight. The usuals.

Okay with you?" _____

2. "Did it ever occur to you that it might be a good idea for you to lose a little?" _____

3. "How can you always be so sure, Hal?" _____

4. "Everybody gets mad sometimes when they're playing football. It just happened." _____

5. "It's how you are inside and how the inside makes you act outside—" _____

My score _____

II. What Do You Think?

How does the ending of the story illustrate a basic change in Hal's attitude toward himself and others? What is "The Only Way to Win"? (How would Hal have answered at the beginning of the story? At the end of the story? Are there different kinds of "winning"? Explain *your* answer in a paragraph or two.) What did Mr. Grummick mean when

he told Hal that he was missing his youth? What did Hal's mother mean when she said that she and Hal's father were partly to blame for what happened? Do you think the story would have been even more effective if Dave Cronk had been characterized at greater length? Why? Why not? Do you consider the "winning-is-everything" attitude of Hal and his friends a fairly common one among young people today? Or is Hal a special case? Explain.



From the Iron Age Magazine

Ogden Nash (p. 25)

I. Quick Quiz

Without looking back at the poems, see if you can complete the following lines. For inspiration, we add a rhyme of our own: If it's notable, it's quotable. (And worth learning.)

Count 10 points for each correct completion. Total, 50.

1. "Who wants my jellyfish?

I'm not _____!"

2. "This grownup man, with pluck and luck,

Is hoping to _____."

3. "That's why I never adopted lepidoptery;

I do not wish to live in _____."

4. "And the country that should have been _____
Decided to be

_____."

5. "Indeed, unless the billboards fall,

I'll never _____."

My score _____

My total score _____

(Perfect total score: 100; answers in the Teacher Edition)

II. What Do You Think?

Did you read Clifton Fadiman's tribute to Ogden Nash, "I Nominate for the Pulitzer Prize—" (p. 27)? (If not, call for time out and do so now.)

Do you share Clifton Fadiman's hope that some day "Mr. Ogden Nash will wake up in the morning and be Pulitzer-surprised"? Or do you feel that a humorist is not entitled to the same respect as a "serious" writer? Discuss. What are some of the serious elements of "Look What You Did, Christopher!?" Does Nash really wish we could be "Children

of Nature" again—and does he really think that "the Inquisition was less tyrannical/Than the iron rules of an age mechanical"? Discuss the technique of over-statement and exaggeration in humorous writing. Would you agree that Nash's poetry is in itself a healthy by-product of our society? Why? What is the function of the humorist (writer, TV comedian, cartoonist) in a democracy?

Writers at Work

The Monkey's Paw (p. 30)

"The Monkey's Paw" is a classic suspense story. What details of setting and characterization does the author use to heighten the natural excitement of the plot? Do you think the ending is "fair" to the reader—or do you think that the author should have given you a clue as to the identity of the unseen caller? (Frank R. Stockton's "The Lady or the Tiger" is another famous story with a controversial ending. You might like to read it and compare notes.) Does the story seem logical to you—or do you feel that the author holds it for the sake of an "effect"? For example: would it have been more realistic if the Soldier had told the family about his own experiences with the monkey's paw in his attempt to save them from it? Is the Soldier a really sincere friend? Or is he perhaps a devil in disguise? What do you think? Another example: was the author using good psychology when he had the Father make his third wish *before* he knew

Something Lost?

Yes, it's our "Have Fun with Words" column. We've left it out of this month's issue. We expect you to sharpen your vocabulary on the sample test questions on the next two pages instead. But our regular column will be back next month!

for certain what was at the door? Why? Why not? What was the third wish? Can you suggest another ending for the story?

For literally thousands of years, writers have been fascinated by the theme of *wishes*. And in most cases wishes have brought disaster upon the wishers. What is the psychological danger in wishing? (Consider the case of the mythological hero who was granted his wish for eternal life but forgot to ask for eternal youth along with it. Or the case of a high school student, Mike, who wished so hard to make the football team that he moped around and let his studies slide. When he finally made the team, his grades had dropped so low he was no longer eligible to play football. Now he wished that he were as smart as Bucky Smith.) Is this the point of the story? Or is the point of the story the fact that people never believe anything until they've tried it themselves—sometimes to their own misfortune? Explain your answers.

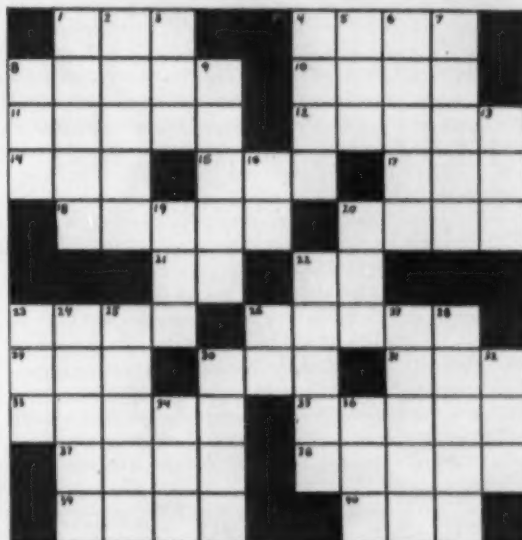
ACROSS

- * 1. Indians used the _____ and 25 Down.
4. Planet near the earth.
- * 8. Famous friends were _____ and Pythias.
10. On top of.
11. Enclosed field where athletes compete.
- * 12. Romulus and _____ were the legendary founders of Rome.
14. Ask for charity.
15. 24 hours.
17. Period of time in history, as in The Napoleonic _____.
- * 18. Friends in the Bible were _____ and Jonathan.
20. This is used to fasten.
21. Either.
22. Prefix meaning "away" as in "_____ port."
23. Zealous enthusiasm.
- * 26. _____ and jury.
- * 29. Bench and _____.
30. Female deer.
- * 31. Adam and _____.
33. A donkey (in southwest U. S. A.).
35. Cloth made from flax.
- * 37. _____ and branch.
- * 38. "A tale . . . full of _____ and fury."
39. Inspires with reverence.
40. United States Ship (abbrev.).

DOWN

1. Revealed.
- * 2. Extremes are called the alpha and _____.
3. Did not lose.
- * 4. Famous in history are William and _____.
5. Took in food.
- * 6. Famous lovers in drama were _____ and Juliet.
7. Reject with scorn.
8. Smear paint.
9. The lowest point, opposite of zenith.
13. Unhappy.
16. Advertisement (abbrev.).
19. Word used in German titles, as in _____ Hindenburg.
- * 20. _____ and board.
22. Fights between two persons witnessed by seconds.
- * 23. _____ and flow.
- * 24. Famous lovers were the Italian poet Petrarch and _____.
- * 25. See 1 Across for the rest of this weapon.
26. One of the "Little Women."
27. In biology, this contains several species.
- * 28. Odds and _____.
30. Small points.
32. Finish.
34. Fish eggs.
36. I owe you (abbrev.).

FAMOUS PAIRS



• There are 48 words in this puzzle. The words starred with an asterisk (*) are words or people generally associated with one another. Allow yourself 3 points for each starred word (there are 17) and one point for each of the others. Add a bonus of 18 points if you get all the starred words right. If you get all the words, plus the bonus, you should have a total score of 100. Answers are on page 26, but don't look now. Wait until you have completed the puzzle. Why spoil your fun?



How's your aptitude these days? (Aptitude, that is—not appetite!) Maybe you've been too busy lately to give it much thought. Maybe you didn't even know you possessed such a thing. Actually, though, your aptitudes are an important part of your personality. There are probably more people interested in them than you realize—from your future employer to your future college admissions committee to old Uncle Sam himself.

You've probably met up with an *aptitude test* somewhere along the way in school. If you have, you'll know that it's designed not so much to test your factual knowledge as to find out about your over-all capacities and inclinations—your "potential."

One kind of aptitude test is concerned with your *vocational bent*. It asks a variety of questions about your likes and dislikes, and tries to determine from your answers whether you'll be happiest as a salesman, a dress designer, a mechanic, or a musician. Another kind of aptitude test—the one we'll talk about this time—rates you on your capacity for *learning*, whether in school or on the job.

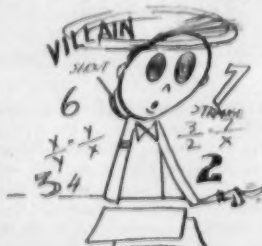
Ready?

Most aptitude tests of this second type are divided into two main parts—the verbal section and the mathematics section. The math section is a series of problems (none of them involving advanced math) for you to solve—but we haven't space to print sample math questions. The verbal section, on the other hand, usually contains several *types* of questions. We thought you might like to get acquainted with these different types of questions now (instead of later, when there may be a lot at stake), and so we've prepared a sample verbal aptitude test for you to experiment with.

We said that Uncle Sam might be interested in your aptitude some day—and he will be, if, as a college student, you apply for occupational deferment from the armed services. All student applicants, as you may know, are required to take the *Selective Service Examination* to help determine their eligibility for deferment during their college years. Many personnel managers of large companies (where competition is apt to be stiff for a particular job) also require aptitude tests. So do many colleges (and everyone taking *College Board Examinations* must take the scholastic aptitude test).

Get Set!

There is no set failing or passing grade on most aptitude tests—they are scored according to your age, school, and preparation. Another thing—you can't cram for an aptitude test. How well you do depends on how *alert* you are, not only while you're taking the test but also in the classroom and over the books.



Get Ready for the

So take a shot at the following sample test—with the fun of not having to worry about your score. (We've even included some sample questions from the information bulletins of the Selective Service System and the College Entrance Examination Board.) Some of the questions on actual tests will be harder than these—but the main idea is to get used to the *kinds* of questions you might be asked.

Reading Comprehension

Much of what you learn throughout your life will come from reading. How well do you understand what you read? How quickly can you get the "gist" of a paragraph? How much detail do you retain automatically, and how much do you have to go back for? Since the ability to read with understanding is one of the most important factors in your future success, aptitude tests place considerable emphasis on reading skills.

Directions: Read the following passages and then answer the questions about them by checking ONE of the four suggested answers.

I. "Another factor making for the confusion of modern football is that nobody can possibly understand or keep up with the rules. This even goes for the coaches. Otherwise they wouldn't change the rules every twelve months. One of the eternal charms of small boat sailing is the knowledge that nothing has been radically changed since some Phoenician invented the keel about the time of Dido of Carthage." (John R. Tunis, in article, "The Kick Is Out of Football.")

1. One of the reasons the author enjoys sailing is that
 - a. it is safer than football
 - b. he admires the Phoenicians
 - c. its basic rules are unchanging
 - d. Queen Dido invented it
2. The author's attitude toward modern football is
 - a. encouraging
 - b. critical
 - c. indifferent
 - d. not evident from the passage quoted

II. "There are a great many careers in which the increasing emphasis is on specialization. You find these careers in engineering and in accounting, in production, in statistical work, and in teaching. But there is also an increasing demand for people who are able to take in a great area at a glance, people who do not know much about any one field—though one should always have one area of real competence. There is, in other words, a demand for people who are capable of seeing the forest rather than the trees, of making over-all judgments. And these 'generalists' are particularly needed for administrative positions, where it is their job to see that other people do the work, where they have to plan for other people, to organize other people's work, to initiate it and appraise it." (Peter F. Drucker, in article, "How to Be an Employee.")

BIG TEST!

3. According to the passage, the career of accounting
- a. is a job for the "Jack-of-all-Trades"
 - b. is an interesting career
 - c. is a job for the person who cannot see the forest for the trees
 - d. involves specialization
4. The mark of the "generalist" is
- a. competence in a particular field
 - b. ability to take in an entire area at a glance
 - c. ability to delegate responsibility
 - d. dislike of specialization

Synonyms

How good is your vocabulary? Do you use the same words over and over again, or do you hunt for the one that best conveys your meaning? Accuracy with words is well worth cultivating; business man and college professor alike will be looking for it.

Directions: Read the capitalized words. Then mark in the blank the letter of the word following it whose meaning is most nearly the SAME as that of the capitalized word.

- 5. DEFEAT: a—applaud, b—enter, c—conquer, d—lose, e—punish
- 6. SWIFTLY: a—heavily, b—silently, c—thoughtfully, d—impatiently, e—rapidly
- 7. LACERATED: a—disgruntled, b—mangled, c—fringed, d—stricken, e—striped (question from sample *Selective Service College Qualification* test)

Antonyms

The proof of how well you understand a word is often whether or not you can state its opposite meaning, or antonym. This test is another way of measuring your awareness of language.

Directions: Read the capitalized word. Then mark in the blank the letter of the word following it whose meaning is most nearly OPPOSITE that of the capitalized word.

- 8. SHOUT: a—whisper, b—chuckle, c—call, d—sob, e—grumble
- 9. VILLAIN: a—beggar, b—hero, c—philosopher, d—damsel, e—martyr
- 10. STRANGE: a—difficult, b—variable, c—familiar, d—bold, e—uniform (question from sample *Selective Service College Qualification* test)

Word Relationships

You may have some trouble with this next one at first, since it involves your reasoning powers as well as your vocabulary. These questions are usually for high school graduates, so if you do well—congratulations!

Directions: Read the capitalized words. Decide how they are related to each other. Then mark in the blank space the letter of the pair of words following them which are related to each other in the same way as the capitalized words.

(Remember that the order of the two original words is all-important. And here's a hint: "think out" the colon. Think "MOTHER is to DAUGHTER as _____ is to _____".)

- 11. MOTHER:DAUGHTER: a—child:father, b—brother:sister, c—uncle:niece, d—father:son, e—grandmother:granddaughter
- 12. ELM:TREE: a—dollar:dime, b—money:currency, c—maple:leaves, d—oak:maple, e—dollar:money (*Selective Service* sample question)
- 13. EGG:BIRD: a—cell:muscle, b—acorn:oak, c—implication:crime, d—motion:flight, e—earth:vegetable (*College Board* sample question)
- 14. CAMPAIGN:OBJECTIVE: a—motivation:goal, b—misdeed:consequence, c—victory:triumph, d—talent:success, e—voyage:destination (*College Board*)
- 15. CLUB:SWORD: a—pound:pierce, b—thrust:pierce, c—cut:break, d—break:crack, e—cut:parry (*College Board*)

Sentence Completion

How skilled are you at finding things? A word has been lost from each of the following sentences, and it's your job to track it down. To do it, you'll need all three of the aptitude skills we've tested thus far—reading comprehension,



vocabulary, and reasoning ability. Mark the letter of the missing word in the blanks.

16. For weeks Clarence tried to get up the nerve to ask Doris to the dance, but he was too _____ to say anything about it.

a—unhappy, b—courageous, c—shy, d—irritated, e—indifferent

17. Hank was leaning up against a tree by the stream with his hat tipped over his eyes, _____ chewing on a piece of grass.

a—lazily, b—hurriedly, c—carefully, d—angrily, e—pathetically

18. _____ is as clear and definite as any of our urges; we wonder what is in a sealed letter or what is being said in a telephone booth.

a—envy, b—curiosity, c—knowledge, d—communication, e—ambition (*College Board* sample question)

19. The simplest animals are those whose bodies are simplest in structure and which do the things done by all living animals, such as eating, breathing, moving, and feeling, in the most _____ way.

a—haphazard, b—bizarre, c—primitive, d—advantageous, e—unique (*Selective Service* sample question)

Answers to the Questions on This Page

- 1-c, 2-b, 3-d, 4-b, 5-c, 6-c, 7-b, 8-a, 9-b, 10-c, 11-d, 12-c, 13-b, 14-c, 15-a, 16-c, 17-a, 18-b, 19-c.

Chucklebait



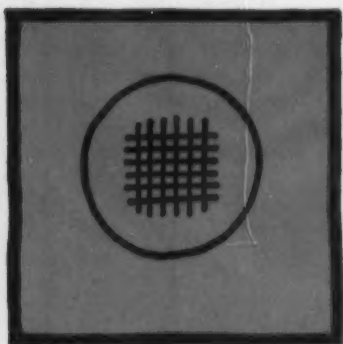
● Question: What is a "Doodle"?

Answer: A doodle is a doodle with ulterior motives. Now you *know* what "doodles" are. They're the circles, boxes, stars and figures you scrawl on your notebook while the teacher is discussing sines and cosines. You doodle when your mind's out gathering wool.

But a doodle—that's different. Let's say you draw a large, solid black square. Now the trick is to hand it to your neigh-

bor and say (eyes narrowed), "What's this?" He'll answer (impatiently), "A square, you dope." Here's your chance. "No, it isn't," you chortle gleefully, "it's a man developing pictures in a dark room!"

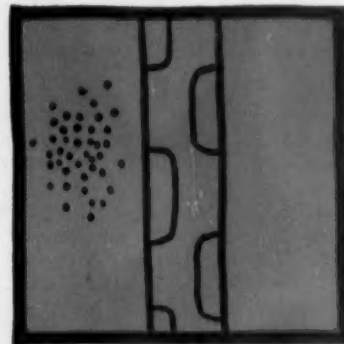
Get it? That's a doodle. And here are some more recently drawn "masterpieces" by Roger Price, originator. You can give them any title you like but Mr. Price's own interpretations are below.



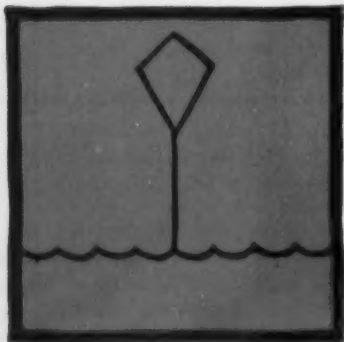
"Mended Doughnut" alternate title: "Plate of spaghetti served by neat waiter."



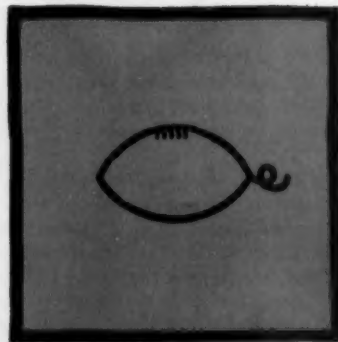
"\$50 boy scout knife."



"Superstitious giraffe throwing salt over left shoulder."



"Man in submarine flying a kite."



"Football made out of real pigskin."

Reprinted by permission from *Oodles of Doodles*, by Roger Price, published by Simon and Schuster. Copyright, 1955, by Roger Price.

GET ON THE LIST! Make sure your teacher has ordered your copies of *Literary Cavalcade*

(Note: Recordings of Nash reading his poetry are available in the Decca Ogden Nash album and the Columbia *Pleasure Dome*.)

Coming on TV (p. 29)

Lesson Plan: *The Devil's Disciple*

Coming TV programs of special interest to English teachers and students are high-lighted in this column. Teachers will welcome the news of the coming production of Shaw's *The Devil's Disciple*, not only because it will give many students an opportunity to see a Shaw play for the first time, but because this particular play is an especially entertaining introduction to Shaw's Shavian wit and brilliant perversity. Students will profit from reading the play first, together with Shaw's notes on the story.

The Devil's Disciple was Shaw's first box-office hit. As such, it attracted considerable attention from the critics during its first production in 1897 in New York. As C.B.S. explains, his blackguard hero, Dick Dudgeon was a continuation of the long literary tradition that includes Prometheus, Lucifer, and Siegfried. He is a diabolical hero whose "master passion" is "Pity, instead of Hatred" and who "thus becomes, like all genuinely religious men, a reprobate and an outcast. Once this is understood," Shaw concludes, "the play becomes straightforwardly simple."

Diabolical heroism aside, Shaw's main object seems to have been to take a poke at moral hypocrisy by revealing that his "reprobate" is a man of honor, after all—a characteristic C.B.S. twist. At any rate, *The Devil's Disciple*, with Maurice Evans in the starring role, should be good entertainment. (Ed. note: we have not been entirely satisfied with recent TV treatments of classics—notably *Heidi* and *Huckleberry Finn*—but feel fairly confident about this one.)

The Devil's Disciple is as good an introduction to C.B.S. as any, and should furnish abundant material for class discussion on the following day. You might ask students to state Shaw's attitude toward his hero (Dick Dudgeon) and heroine (Judith Anderson)—warning them that Shaw's attitude about most things is apt to be somewhat baffling. A suggested comparison: Dick Dudgeon and Sydney Carton in *A Tale of Two Cities*. The trial scene (Act III) is undoubtedly the high point of the play. Interested students might enjoy comparing Shaw's treatment of General Burgoyne with historical views of him. (Cf. Shaw's notes to *The Devil's Disciple*.) For Shaw's comments on the play itself, see the witty preface to the volume entitled *Three Plays for Puritans*.



Devilment on NBC-TV: a premiere performance on Nov. 6 (4:00-5:30 E.S.T.) of *Griffelkin*, Lukas Foss opera of a boy devil. Other announcements in Student Edition.

The Monkey's Paw (p. 30)

"If I had three wishes"—who has not played with this tantalizing idea? But suppose one's wishes *could* come true, what then? This teleplay version of the famous story by W. W. Jacobs provides a blood-chilling answer. Beneath the suspense and horror of "The Monkey's Paw" is the thesis that all events in our lives are linked as in a chain, that there can be no effect without a related cause—and consequence. When man attempts to interfere *suddenly and by unnatural means* with the ordained natural order, the story suggests, he flirts with disaster. The underlined words in the previous sentences might be discussed with students, lest they mistake the play as an argument against natural progress and natural efforts for self-improvement. The idea of the monkey's paw is a fantasy that requires a suspension of disbelief—but the mischief that the paw works is realized through the realistic limitations of imagination and understanding on the part of the human beings involved.

Discussion of the play may be conducted along the lines suggested by the following questions: In what way is the opening scene (with the family in their parlor) important to the play as a whole? (What function, for instance, does the chess game serve? Are the relationships between the mother, father and son warm and happy ones? Why is it important that we have some introduction to these relationships in understanding the sinister nature of the monkey's paw?) What do you think might have happened if the father had not chosen to make the third wish that he did? What do you think his reasons were for making that wish? Why do you think that the third wish of the first owner of the paw was for death?

Get Ready for the Big Test (p. 38)

The sample verbal aptitude questions in this month's "Big Test" section are designed to help familiarize students with the nature of this portion of the usual aptitude tests. After students have answered the sample questions, go over their answers with them, discussing the reasonings or rules involved in the correct answers.

Apology & Explanation Dept.

Our apology: for the incorrect answer given for the second part of the seventh multiple-choice question in the October "Big Test." It slipped by our proofreader!

And our explanation: "Class of '58," the TV play scheduled to appear in this issue, was withheld for reasons of space. It will appear in a future issue.

Art in Everyday Living (p. 12)

Our photo-essay on bridges has been prepared by Patrick Hazard of the Department of English, East Lansing (Mich.) H.S., currently on a Ford Foundation fellowship. The following comments introduce both this essay and the series of similar photo-essays to come:

The Humanities in Modern America

By Patrick and Mary Hazard

Sunday painters on a lakeshore drive, record crowds applauding an outdoor music festival, separate section of the newspaper for the do-it-yourselfer—today's average American has the free time of, by earlier standards, a gentleman-of-leisure. How he uses his leisure hours is as vital to our country's cultural development as the next concert at Carnegie or the next exhibition at

the Metropolitan. For the average American is the patron of America's everyday arts—non-monumental architecture, TV, movies, industrial and household design, city and suburban planning. The quality of those arts depends largely upon the discrimination of his patronage. And the quality of the everyday arts sets the tone of our entire civilization.

For many Americans the high school literature class provides almost the only guidance to a mature use of leisure and to an appreciation of the fine and everyday arts. And the literature course often remains unrelated to the other—most especially, the newer—arts. For this reason we are preparing for *Literary Cavalcade* a series of photo-essays designed to help teachers guide students to an awareness of the wide and exciting field of the non-verbal arts.

The essays will stress the fact that art belongs to everyday life. After all,

museums—where art objects of many ages are displayed out of their natural, social context—are only a little more than two centuries old. We hope that our photo-essays will help do away with the widespread "museum" concept that art is something apart from life. It is possible to make the appreciation of well-designed homes and churches, bridges, and even furniture, an exciting part of each day's experience. It is doubly important for students to experience this, since they will help decide what tomorrow's churches and homes will look like.

Our thesis is that art and the machine are compatible. If American factories frequently turn out dime-store trash and chrome-plated nightmares, poorly designed and sometimes carelessly made, it is more a reflection upon the public's supineness than on the inherent possibilities of the machine. The machine is neutral; it will do what it is asked to do. We hope our photo-

essays on industrial design and architecture will fire the minds and hearts of some of tomorrow's engineers and designers—now in your classrooms—with the possibilities of the machine for producing excellence.

Finally, as we would like to see the humanities curriculum for the high school include music as well as art and literature, one of the photo-essays in our series will be about American music.

Lesson Plan for "Poetry in Steel and Stone" (p. 12)

Ask students to discuss the following statement:

A poet follows the 14-line scheme to organize his imaginative language into a sonnet. The engineer follows blueprints to organize wood, metal, concrete or steel into a bridge. The poet's purpose is to convey meaning and emotion—to supply a spiritual need; the engineer's purpose is to convey traffic—to supply a physical need. In both cases men are mastering materials in order to create significant forms. Art enters both transactions when the creation—in addition to fulfilling its function—is beautiful in itself. People get out of their cars to look at a bridge for the same reasons they curl up with a volume of poetry.

Suggestions for further reading (the starred words are "easy reading"):

General reading—

**Bridges in History and Legend*, by W. and S. Watson.

Bridges and Their Builders, by D. Steinman and S. Watson. (Have students read the account of the Roebling family, p. 207. Students might also look up information on author and bridge-builder Steinman.)

Techniques of building bridges—

**The Story of Bridges*, by Archibald Black.

The Architecture of Bridges, by Elizabeth B. Mock.

Paintings and photographs of bridges—

**Famous Bridges of the World*, by D. Steinman.

The World's Great Bridges, by H. Shirley Smith.

Art and Life in America, by O. Larkin. (Suggest looking up the famous painting of the Brooklyn Bridge by J. Stella, p. 383—10-cent color postcards available at the Whitney Museum, N. Y. C.)

Answers to Cavalcade Questions (pp. 36-37)

The Only Way to Win: 1-Carol Kirsch; 2-Mr. Grummick; 3-Jean Kenyon; 4-J. D. Caldwell; 5-Hal Caldwell.

Poems by Ogden Nash: 1-sellyfish!; 2-outwit a duck; 3-jeopardoptery; 4-Cathay, The U. S. A.; 5-see a tree at all.

An Invitation

to
**Scholastic's Annual Thanksgiving Party at the Conventions
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and
The National Council for the Social Studies
November 24-26, 1955**

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November 24 (Thursday)
5:00-7:00 P.M.**

**Thanksgiving Reception
and Refreshments
SOCIAL STUDIES COUNCIL
Georgian Room
Hotel Statler
New York City
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5:30-7:30 P.M.**

R.S.V.P.

(Send acceptance form below as soon as possible. Admission by guest card only which will be mailed to you before the conventions. Requests must be received by November 21.)

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